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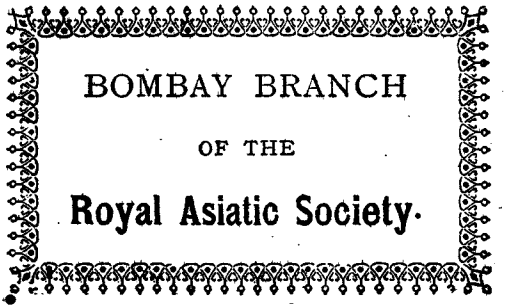

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THE GARTER MISSION TO JAPAN

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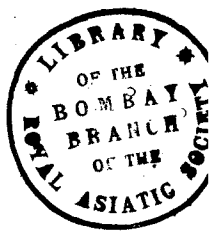
BY

LORD REDESDALE
G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
AUTHOR OF "TALES OF OLD JAPAN"



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TO

MY WIFE

FOR WHOM MY JOURNAL WAS KEPT

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK

PREFACE

THE Mission appointed by the King to carry the Order of the Garter to the Emperor of Japan left Marseilles on the 12th of January 1906.

It was composed as follows :—

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Lord REDESDALE, G.C.V.O.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir EDWARD SEYMOUR, G.C.B., O.M.

General Sir THOMAS KELLY-KENNY, G.C.B.

Colonel ARTHUR DAVIDSON, C.V.O.

Captain WYNDHAM, Equerry to PRINCE ARTHUR.

Mr. MILES LAMPSON, of the Foreign Office, Secretary to the Mission, and Acting Secretary to the Order of the Garter.

The voyage out was a prosperous one. At every place where the Mission touched,—Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Hong-Kong,—the reception with which the Prince met was not only striking

from its magnificence and interest, but also as a testimony of loyalty and affection towards the King.

At Hong-Kong the Mission went on board H.M.S. *Diadem*, Captain Savory, the Flag-ship of Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, which had been placed at His Royal Highness's disposal.

The return voyage across the Pacific was in every way delightful; and a prolonged tour in hospitable Canada, covering many thousand miles, enabled the Mission to form some estimate of the growing prosperity of that wonderful Dominion.

But the record which is contained in the following pages deals only with the main object of the expedition. A detailed account of the outward and homeward journeys would by itself fill a volume. It is not possible to do more here than to give expression to a very real feeling of thanks for the splendid hospitality of which the Mission were the grateful recipients in the East as in the West.

In one respect we were unlucky. We arrived in Japan in February, notoriously the worst month for weather of the whole Japanese year. Had we started a month later we should have found the spring of the poets, rich in all the wealth of

flowering trees and shrubs for which the Land of Sunrise is famous. To have missed this was our one crumpled rose-leaf, and so I am almost afraid that I may have given a false impression of the Japanese climate.

As regards the form which this little book takes, I may point out that it consists of journal Letters written primarily for home consumption. This will account for the use here and there of the pronoun "you."

June 1906.

THE

GARTER MISSION TO JAPAN

NEVER did the winter sun rise in greater glory than it did on the 19th of February 1906, when H.M.S. *Diadem*, Captain Savory, carrying Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Garter Mission to Japan, steamed at daybreak into the harbour of Yokohama. Never did it shine upon a fairer scene. The King's standard was flying at the main; the buildings on shore and the vessels in the bay, blue as that of Naples, were all dressed; eleven great warships thundered out a Royal welcome, their bands playing "God Save the King"; in the distance was the pine-clad Hakoné range, beautiful as my recollection of it; but, best of all, Fuji, the Peerless Mountain, covered with snow and glittering in the morning rays, was lifting its mystic cone to heaven, without a cloud to mar

the grace of its outline; for the goddess of the mountain, "the princess that causes the trees to blossom," had risen in her beauty to give us a foretaste of the greeting which the spirit of old Japan was making ready for the messengers of her friend and ally, King Edward the Seventh.

One mishap, indeed, there was. Admiral Kataoka with his squadron had gone out the night before to meet the *Diadem* and escort us into harbour. Being an hour before our time we missed him, to our great regret. Had we met him, our entry, heading the majestic procession of a battle-fleet, might have been more imposing, and more in accord with the gracious intentions of our Imperial host: more picturesquely framed it could not have been.

Hardly had we let go our anchor when the British Ambassador, Sir Claude Macdonald, came on board with a number of distinguished Japanese officers who were to be attached to Prince Arthur during his stay in the country. Conspicuous among these were General Kuroki and Admiral Tōgō, the two mighty leaders with whose exploits the whole world has been ringing. You may imagine that our first interview with them was not a little exciting. Admiral Tōgō is a quiet,

silent man, with a rather melancholy face, lighted up, as the spirit moves him, by one of the sweetest of smiles. The expression is gentle and tender; sometimes, unless he be spoken to, he appears lost in thought, almost always with his eyes fixed on the ground and his head turned to the right. General Kuroki, on the other hand, sunburnt, hard, and trained as fine as an athlete for the Olympian games, the picture of a soldier, is always gay and looking at the bright side of things, a man of the most imperturbable good-humour. No two men could at first sight present a greater contrast, yet is there one quality which they have in common: their modesty and self-restraint are most captivating. To hear them talk you would never dream that either of them has played a part, not only in the history of his country, but of the world. In both, self entirely disappears. And here I must say, once for all, that during my whole stay in Japan, after having spoken with some hundreds of Japanese of every condition in life, I have never once heard anything approaching to a boast over the brilliant successes of the late war. The absence of all bragging, the calm dispassionate talk about the circumstances which led to it, about the war itself, and about its

consequences, far-reaching as they may be, are a striking feature in the character of the New Japan, and one which stands out as an example to the whole world. Never was so great a triumph accepted in so humble a spirit. Another notable figure among the Japanese gentlemen appointed to attend Prince Arthur was Mr. Nagasaki, a Councillor of the Court, who, being an admirable English scholar, acted as interpreter between the Emperor and the Prince, and, indeed, organised our whole stay in, and journey through, the Islands. He was commissioned some years ago to visit Europe in order to study the ceremonial of the various Courts, and on his return drew up a code for the Court of Tōkyō, based in the main upon that of Berlin. To the other members of the staff, all men of importance and distinction, I shall allude later on. Each one played his part to admiration, and all strove their utmost to ensure the success of our visit.

And so, at the end of our long voyage, in real Emperor's weather, we at last set foot in Fairyland.

There was a vast gathering of both Europeans and Japanese assembled to greet the Prince. The whole community of Yokohama was on the quay to receive him. Sojourners in strange lands await

the arrival of a ship that comes from home with interest enough in any case; every link which connects them with the old country is very precious; but here was a mission which had come to bind more closely an alliance and a friendship which the good people of Yokohama above all know how to appreciate. Moreover, it is not every day that such an ambassador is seen in Japan. Judge whether he was welcome. Princes have been here before, but it has been as tourists that they have come, making Japan a stopping-place on their journey round the world. Their visits have been interesting chiefly to themselves. This visit has a purpose and a significance which are of international importance; and this was the conviction which made itself felt to-day.

There were addresses from the various communities to be received and answered, but this was soon over, and we were driven off to a pavilion near the railway station, built for the use of the Emperor on the rare occasions of his coming to Yokohama. The streets were crowded; every soul in the place must have turned out to line them—the grown-up people behind, the children in front according to their stature, the best place belonging by prescriptive right to the tiniest.

Every child was armed with two flags, one Japanese and one English, which were waved most conscientiously, and then there arose such a shouting of "Banzai" from shrill treble and deep bass! I always thought that the Eton boys could cheer, but their cheers are as the chirruping of grasshoppers beside the "Banzai" of a Japanese crowd when its enthusiasm is really aroused. And then the action! Both hands raised high above the head, with the palms turned outward, feet parted, mouth wide open, eyes sparkling. It is indeed a welcome!

I may as well say here that, throughout our long tour, the school children for many miles round had been brought in by train to greet the Prince at every station. This is a compliment which has never before been paid to any traveller except the Emperor himself. Wherever we went, whether we stopped or whether we steamed through, there were the children waving their flags, and the girls' schools all singing "God Save the King" at the top of their voices. At first the effect was quite startling.

Before we started for Tōkyō we had about three-quarters of an hour to wait, which we spent in making better acquaintance with our Japanese

hosts, and then a run of about forty minutes took us to the capital. Skirting the famous old Tōkaidō, the great road which leads from Kyōtō to Tōkyō; past the shrine of Benten; past Kanagawa; past the old cryptomerias which shaded the Daimyō's processions and wayside tea-houses; over the bridge at Kawasaki where we and our horses used to be ferried across the river; through the wicked suburb of Shinagawa, where, as in the wynds of the old town of Edinburgh, the broils of the clans and the vendettas of individuals used to take place, now grown intensely staid and respectable; past the old temple of Sengakuji, under which the Legation buildings used to be; past the little old temple of Monriyō-in, where I lived thirty-nine years ago, when first the Legation went back to Yedo! What memories, some sad, some gay, crowded upon my mind! Of those who shared our difficulties and our pleasures how few are left!

But all these too personal memories were quickly to fade away; for here at Shimbashi, the terminus of the railway, there took place a ceremony which must have stirred to their profoundest depths the hearts of all the Japanese who witnessed it. Never before, since the first creation of Japan, was such a compliment paid as that which awaited

Prince Arthur. Surrounded by the Crown Prince and all the other Princes of the Blood, the Emperor had come in person to greet his guest. This august Sovereign, whom his subjects revere as something, if not actually divine, at any rate far removed above the rest of mankind, and as heir of a god-descended line of kings, had come, for the first time in all the history of the country, publicly to acclaim a foreign prince. It was an act of kingly hospitality most graciously conceived, most graciously carried out. It struck the keynote of the cordial demonstrations of friendship and good-will which never failed us throughout our stay in His Majesty's dominions. When the Emperor so warmly shook hands with the Prince it was a message to his people which said in unmistakable terms, "This is MY friend."

I was the only European present who could remember the old days of mystery and seclusion in which the Emperors of Japan had lived for upwards of eight centuries. Indeed, there were probably few Japanese there who could have witnessed that time. Those who had must have been struck by the change as I was, and they must have reflected as I did that, however able the men might be by whom he is surrounded, the

Emperor himself must be a strong man to have scattered to the winds all the trammels of tradition by which his ancestors had for so many generations been fettered. Indeed, from all that we can gather, the strength which is written in his face is his great characteristic. His whole time, so the Japanese statesmen tell us, is given to public work. His few leisure moments he solaces with writing poetry. In his care for his people he appears to be ably seconded by the Empress, who is described as an angel of goodness, full of talent and learning, and herself an accomplished poetess. I asked whether any of her poems had been published; "No," was the reply; "she is too modest for that; but, nevertheless, a few short pieces have found their way into the Japanese newspapers, and have been much admired, purely on their merits." In Her Majesty every good work, more especially all that concerns hospitals and nursing, finds a patroness and a powerful helper. Her name is in itself a poem—"Haruko," the Child of Spring.

We took leave of the Emperor at the railway station, and drove off escorted by a troop of lancers. Tōkyō was in gala dress. The streets were all lined with soldiers. Vast crowds had gathered together, the children, as usual, in front.

Day fireworks were being let off in all directions. "God Save the King" was being played or sung at every turn, and the shouting of "Banzai" never ceased. One thing struck us. Even where there were no soldiers, and only policemen at perhaps fifty yards' distance from one another, the children's places were sacred. No man or woman endeavoured to push to the front. In Japan, King Baby is paramount, and keeps the streets as effectively as a regiment of Life Guards. When the soldiers went to the war, his cry of "Banzai" was the last pathetic home-sound which cheered the heart of many a poor fellow who never came back.

At a foot's-pace we reached the Kasumigaséki Palace, an European building standing in a lovely garden, with a miniature lake and bridges, and ornamented with the thousand and one fancies dear to the Japanese horticulturist. The Palace was, until recently, inhabited by Prince Arisugawa, and is a most delightful dwelling, filled with every comfort, and tended by a model staff of servants, resplendent in European liveries, but having preserved all the stately courtesy which is one of the charms of the East.

After luncheon we proceeded to the Palace to

rehearse the morrow's ceremony, for the benefit of the Japanese courtiers who were to take part in it, and of Sir Claude Macdonald. The Emperor was, of course, not present.

The modern Palace of the Emperor stands inside the moat and Cyclopean walls which in old days surrounded the Castle of the Shōguns. When the feudal system came to an end in 1868, these lost their significance. The moat still serves as a sanctuary for the beautiful wild birds that sail about unmolested on its surface; but the great gates are thrown open, and the people freely throng the broad roads inside the walls, the colossal masonry of which is such a wonder. Pines, maples, and other trees, many beautiful flowering cherries, plums and peaches, varied with graceful bamboos, fringe the moat, and the park inside the inner circle is of great size and rare loveliness. The Palace is imposing on account of the beauty of its carved woodwork and the graceful sweep of its heavily tiled roofs; and the interior, with its vast corridors and endless succession of great rooms with coffered ceilings, richly lacquered with gold and gorgeously painted, its verandahs opening on to little courtyards, each one fashioned into a miniature garden, strikes one

as very regal—the fitting residence of a mighty potentate. The decoration of the sliding screens, the painted open-work carving of the friezes, the parquetry of the highly polished floors, are all works of the highest art. And yet, in spite of all this magnificence, nothing is tawdry, nothing is obtrusive. On the contrary, simplicity is the diapason of the whole scheme, while in the hushed silence of these great spaces there is a sense of mystery and of majesty which gives play to thought.

In the evening we were all invited to dinner with Prince and Princess Arisugawa, in whose palace we spent a delightful evening. The Prince, as you know, is the type of the very highest breeding, and the Princess, *grande dame* to her finger-tips. You remember how gracious they were to everybody in London; how determined they seemed to be pleased with all things and all people. What they were as guests they also were as host and hostess. Nothing could exceed their kindliness and eagerness that every one of us should be pleased. They both talked a great deal about London, and in the course of the evening the Princess took me on one side and spoke to me with the greatest affection and gratitude of the

King and Queen. More than once she said, "I shall never forget that evening at Buckingham Palace." She told me, too, how much she had been struck by the splendour of the State Ball. In the same pretty unaffected way she reminded Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny of their meeting at Berlin. She is all grace.

During dinner, and in the evening, a capital string band played Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, and Wagner. European music is fast displacing the old Chinese school. All the military bands are on the European system, and there is a musical school for the army, like Kneller Hall in England, where the bandsmen are trained. I do not suppose that the geisha, with her samisen, her koto, her flute, and her drum, will ever quite disappear. I hope not. But she has distinctly lost the monopoly which she formerly enjoyed; and Japanese young ladies are learning the piano and the violin, just as our girls do.

In the course of the evening Princess Arisugawa's daughter, a very dainty young lady of sixteen, clad in the old Japanese dress, made her appearance. It was a strange contrast to the European toilettes of the other ladies. She tells me that she too is learning to play the piano. Soon,

I believe, she is to be dressed in Paris fashions. It will seem a pity, for in her own dress she is so charming that no improvement is required, or indeed possible.

One very pretty custom of modern introduction I must mention. At the end of dinner a tiny box of silver or lacquer is put before each guest filled with little sugar-plums. The box is small enough to go into a waistcoat-pocket, and on the outside it bears an appropriate device—generally the crest of the host, as was the case here, but on one occasion all the boxes were decorated with wreaths of roses and chrysanthemums intertwined, the two national flowers—a pretty thought.

Tuesday, *February* 20.—Our great day at last! But what a transformation scene! Gone, the beautiful blue sky and the bright sunshine of yesterday, and in their place a dismal blizzard! When I awoke and looked out of window the snow was deep on the ground, and a fierce wind was driving huge flakes against the glass panes. I felt sorry for the silk-stockinged coachmen and footmen of the State carriages, and for the escort of Lancers who, at 10.20, came to fetch us for the Garter ceremony. The streets were almost

deserted; only a few shivering mortals hugging themselves in Inverness capes, and one or two women clattering to market in their high clogs, to be seen—a day of hyperborean misery for man and beast.

At the entrance to the Palace we were received by the great officers of State, who conducted the Prince to a separate place by himself, while we were led into another room in which the insignia of the Garter had been laid out in readiness for us. The Star and the Garter were in diamonds, the George and the Dragon carved out of an onyx and mounted in brilliants.

In about five minutes we joined the Prince, and our procession was formed. First came Mr. Lampson, as Acting Secretary to the Order; then Captain Wyndham, carrying the plumed hat; Colonel Davidson followed, carrying the blue velvet mantle and star; next, marching abreast, came Sir Edward Seymour and Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, the one bearing the garter, the other the collar; then myself with the ribbon and George; and last of all the Prince, wearing the mantle, collar, and insignia of the Order. Very slowly we marched along the succession of long corridors until at last we came to the verandah on to which the Throne

Room opens; there we halted until a band hidden behind the sliding panels had finished playing "God Save the King." This, by the bye, was most impressive, for it was taken in slower time than is usual, reminding me of what a Frenchman once said to me of it, "C'est plus qu'un air national, c'est une prière." When the last chord had died away we entered the room one by one, except the Admiral and General, who remained abreast—the British Ambassador announcing each as we went in.

The scene before us was one to be remembered. Imagine to yourself a vast room or hall, square, or nearly so, in shape. The floor is parqueted; the walls panelled with silk brocade surmounted by a frieze of the most elaborate carving, coloured and gilt; the ceiling coffered, finely lacquered and enriched with gold decoration. Opposite the entrance is a raised daïs carpeted with crimson and canopied with a baldachino of silk and velvet of the same colour, supported by two huge gilt spears springing up from the wall at an angle of about forty-five degrees. On the daïs is the throne of gold and velvet, in front of which stands the Emperor in a Field-Marshal's uniform, with white breeches and jack-boots. Close behind

His Majesty, a little on his right, is Mr. Nagasaki, who is to interpret. Below the daïs, on the left, are the Marquis Tokudaiji, the Lord Chamberlain, with the general Aide-de-Camp and two Masters of the Ceremonies. At His Majesty's right hand, also below the daïs, are the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, and at right angles to them are the great nobles, generals, admirals, statesmen, and the ladies of the Court—all in European uniforms and dresses—and opposite to these are the British Ambassador and Ambassadress, with the ladies and gentlemen of the Embassy.

Not a sound was heard, not a movement of a finger, not the rustle of a dress, as very slowly each one of us in turn, carrying the insignia on a red velvet cushion, advanced alone towards the throne, making the three prescribed obeisances, and drawing up on each side to make a lane for the Prince, who, of course, came in last.

When His Royal Highness, having made his three bows, came up to the Emperor he handed to His Majesty an autograph letter from the King, and then slowly and with great dignity read the following address :—

"Sire—I have it in command from the King-Emperor, my august master and royal uncle, to

ask Your Majesty's acceptance of the highest mark of his friendship and esteem which it is in His Majesty's power to bestow.

"Your Majesty is no doubt aware that the Order of the Garter was instituted nearly six hundred years ago, as an Order of chivalry, by King Edward the Third, and it is recognised as our most noble Order of Knighthood.

"Originally it consisted of the King as Sovereign of the Order, the Prince of Wales, and twenty-four Knights, which restricted number has been adhered to from that day to this. It has been the custom, however, to confer the dignity upon those Emperors, Kings, and Princes who are in special and peculiar amity or alliance with the King of England.

"And so it is that I come here to-day empowered to invest Your Majesty with the Insignia of this ancient and most noble Order of the Garter.

"You will accept it, Sire, as a signal mark of the friendship of King Edward, who feels that on no Sovereign could the symbols of chivalry, valour, and honour be more fittingly bestowed."

This address was translated by Mr. Nagasaki for the Emperor, whose reply was as follows :—

"Your Royal Highness—It gives me special pleasure to welcome Your Royal Highness. I accept the distinguished and most noble Order of Knighthood, of which Your Royal Highness is the bearer, as a new and signal proof of the friendship and good-will of His Majesty King Edward.

"I request Your Highness to be the interpreter to His Majesty of my sincere sentiments of cordial appreciation, not only for the high distinction itself, but for adding to the distinction by designating Your Highness as his special representative for the occasion; and I also request Your Highness to assure His Majesty of my warm esteem and invariable friendship and attachment, as well as of my ardent wishes for his continued good health and well-being."

The addresses did not take up many minutes, and then followed the investiture. Sir Edward Seymour stepped forward with the Garter, which Mr. Lampson, who had to perform the duties of Secretary of the Order, took from him and handed to the Prince. Now came a compliment as pretty as it was unexpected. At the very moment when the Prince was buckling the Garter below the Emperor's knee, at a preconcerted signal, the invisible band struck up once more "God Save the

King." The effect was electric, and lent a charm to the whole ceremony. Of a truth, in all that appertains to courtesy the Japanese are past masters. What other people would have thought of this graceful message of thanks to our King? With great solemnity, one after another, we each carried forward our part of the Insignia, with which the Prince, assisted by Mr. Lampson, invested the Emperor, and each in his turn came back to his place, bowing and making way for the next man. When at last His Majesty, having been robed in the mantle and having handed the hat to his Chamberlain, had received all the Insignia, Prince Arthur retired, backing out of the room with three obeisances, and one by one we followed in the same way, the band again playing "God Save the King." Thus it was that in solemn state we left the presence of His Majesty, Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, K.G.

In every quarter I hear of the great impression that was created both upon the Japanese and upon the Europeans who were present by the dignity and stateliness of the ceremonial. In such surroundings it could hardly be otherwise. The central figure, the Tenshi Sama, the Son of Heaven, a monarch the origin of whose ancestors

is lost in the dimness of myth and fable—himself, until a few short years ago, as great a mystery even to his own people as those very ancestors—now a Ruler whom all may see, and whom all revere, not only as the symbol of authority, but because, during the whole thirty-eight years of his reign, he has never done a deed in his public or in his private life of which either he or his people can be ashamed. In every department of the State he has had the talent to surround himself with the best Councillors, and so he has raised his country from the obscurity of a Hermit Nation to the proud position which she now occupies among the great Powers of the world. Such, in brief, is the Sovereign to honour whom our King has sent his own brother's son, bearing a gift the significance of which has not been lost either upon His Majesty or upon his people, who are taught by their own public press to look upon it as the recognition of those achievements at which the world has stood amazed. And, indeed, this recognition has been well earned, not only by the successes in war of such men as Admiral Tōgō, Marshal Ōyama, and General Kuroki, but by the setting of an example of chivalry, generosity, and modesty in the midst of triumph which has

won over the good opinion even of those who were inclined to shake their heads at a danger which they now acknowledge to have been imaginary.

Hardly had we reached home when the Emperor came to pay a visit in person to Prince Arthur. We all received him at the door, and then His Majesty, with the Prince and Mr. Nagasaki, retired into a private room. The conversation was altogether private and unofficial, but it sufficed to show how sincerely pleased the Emperor had been with the investiture. He expressed great admiration of the ceremonial and of the smoothness with which it had been conducted. He also praised the beauty of the Insignia, and repeated his sentiments of gratitude to King Edward, dwelling upon his pleasure at the Prince's visit. Then producing a lacquer box, he took from it the ribbon and star of the Order of the Chrysanthemum, and with his own hands put the ribbon over the Prince's shoulder and pinned the star to his breast. This Order is the highest in the Empire; only three subjects below the Imperial rank have it—Marshals Yamagata and Ōyama and Marquis Itō; the other members of the Order are the Emperor himself and the Princes of the Blood. But the

chief significance of the gift lay in the personal investiture. Never before, not even in the case of the Crown Prince, has His Majesty deigned to invest a recipient. As a rule he has handed the box containing the Insignia unopened. Sometimes he has gone so far as to open it. But no man save Prince Arthur alone can boast that the Emperor put on the ribbon or fixed the star for him.

When the Emperor went away we attended him at the door. He seemed highly pleased with his visit, and shook hands cordially with every member of the Mission—a most unusual compliment.

After the Emperor had gone I was taken into an inner room and presented, by His Majesty's command, with a lacquer box decorated with the Imperial crest of the Pawlonia, tied together with tasselled cords of crimson silk, and containing the grand cordon of the Order of the Rising Sun, after the so rarely given Chrysanthemum, the highest decoration of Japan. It is something to have the privilege of wearing the same ribbon and star as a Tōgō and a Kuroki! The same honour was bestowed upon Sir Edward Seymour and Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny. To Colonel Davidson was given the second class of the Sacred Treasure; to

Captain Wyndham and Mr. Lampson the fourth class of the Rising Sun.

In the evening the Emperor gave a State dinner in honour of Prince Arthur and the Garter Mission. In full uniform, wearing the decorations which had that morning been conferred upon us, we drove to the Palace. Prince Arthur was in the first carriage with Admiral Tōgō and Mr. Nagasaki; I was in the second with General Kuroki. The snow was falling fast and furious, but in spite of wind and weather there were a few more determined sightseers who must needs witness the chilly show. Arrived at the Palace, the Prince was conducted to the room where the Imperial family were to assemble, we to a large ante-room where the rest of the guests were gathered together. We had not long to wait. Very soon the National Anthem announced the coming of the Imperial party. Prince Arthur led the way with Princess Arisugawa; next came the Emperor wearing the star and collar of the Garter and leading Princess Higashi Fushimi, and after them the rest of the Princes and Princesses. We lesser folk followed them into the banqueting hall, each leading his lady. There must have been some eighty persons present in all. I was

admirably placed, for I was almost immediately opposite to the Emperor, so that I could see and hear everything that took place. The dinner was excellent and not too long, which is the fault that in most countries usually mars such entertainments, while the Emperor's band played most admirably. Immediately behind His Majesty stood Mr. Nagasaki, who interpreted, and though the occasion was in the highest degree stately, it was never dull. The two ladies between whom I sat were excellent company.

As soon as the sweet course was reached, the Emperor rose and gave the toast of the King of England, which was drunk in all solemnity, the band playing "God Save the King." Shortly afterwards Prince Arthur got up and wished "health, long life, and prosperity to His Majesty the Emperor of Japan," and now burst forth the stately National Anthem of Japan. This, it may be noted, is the first occasion upon which an Emperor of Japan has ever proposed a toast.

After dinner we marched out, in the order in which we had come in, into an adjoining room, where coffee was served, and where each member of the Mission was called up in turn, to be personally presented to, and have a little talk with,

the Emperor. To me he spoke of bygone days, remembering, or having been reminded of, the time when I acted as interpreter between himself and the Duke of Edinburgh, and of his first reception of Sir Harry Parkes, Sir Ernest Satow, and myself at Kyōtō when his power was re-established in 1868 by the overthrow of the Shōgun, shortly after he came to the throne.

To Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny he spoke of improving the horses in Japan, the existing breed being too small. The General, ever equal to the occasion, replied that "it is not always the big horses and the big men that do the best work." His Majesty caught the allusion at once, and chuckled with pleasure at the joke.

When each of us had had his little audience, we all adjourned, the Emperor leading the way, to a great hall, where a stage had been erected for the performance of the classic dance known as Bugaku. This dance, which is in honour of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tennō, is a very solemn and semi-religious entertainment. It is given only once in twelve months, at the New Year, but had, on this occasion, been put off for the Prince's visit. It is held only in the Palace, so that few Japanese, and those only of the highest rank, have

ever seen it. The performers are men who have been initiated into the mysteries one by one, keeping the tradition unbroken for more than a thousand years. As one man dies or becomes incapacitated, another is appointed to his place, and is instructed in the mystic lore, in which no outsider may bear a part. The dresses are in the fashion of the most hoary antiquity, such as you may see represented in some of the very ancient drawings on screens or in books which depict the customs of the old Court of Kyōtō. The long flowing robes of rich brocade, the strangely fashioned black caps, the spears and swords, the weird instruments of the musicians who crouch, clad in the ancient garb, behind the performers—all these belong to a time before history was invented, and when tradition still traced all ceremonial and all courtly entertainments back to the days when the gods ruled upon earth. Of the dance itself it is very difficult for the uninitiated to speak. It consists of posturing, the drill of which is exceedingly complicated and most accurately executed. The inner significance of every movement is something at which it is impossible to guess. Learned antiquaries have written volumes upon it and treatises of great research. Until these shall have

been translated, all that can be said is that it depends for such charm as it may possess upon that Old-World flavour which clings to everything connected with the ancient Court of the Mikados, and which is so attractive to all those who still have a care for the glories of the past, now too quickly fading into oblivion. All courts have their picturesque traditions. Happy are those that preserve them. Who would care to see our own Beefeaters wiped out and abolished?

There were, as will be seen by the programme, three separate dances which were to have been performed; but at the end of the first part the Emperor gave the signal for a move, thus ruthlessly cutting out the second half of the programme. Many guests had been invited to the Bugaku who had not been present at the Banquet, so we were ushered into a great room, where supper was laid out for those who needed it. But that soon came to an end, at any rate so far as we were concerned, for after a few minutes Prince Arthur took his leave.

With kingly courtesy His Majesty and all the Imperial Princes escorted the Prince as far as the end of the last corridor but one leading to the entrance. There he bade the Prince and all

of us farewell, shaking hands again with each one of us.

So ended a memorable day, a day which has broken all records and established many precedents, a day of happy augury, marking a new epoch in the relations between the two countries. Some forty years ago I was looking with a Japanese gentleman at a map of the world on the Mercator's projection; pointing to England in the west and Japan in the east, he said, "Look at those two island kingdoms! are they not like the two eyes in a face? If they could only see together!" That pious wish of a man who has been dead for many years has now been realised—realised, it may be hoped, as a security for peace, at any rate in the Far East.

PROGRAMME of the Music performed at the State Dinner given by the Emperor of Japan at Tōkyō, 20th February 1906.

1.	La Reine de Saba (Marche et Cortége)	*Ch. Gounod.*
2.	Roméo et Juliette (Ouverture) .	*V. Bellini.*
3.	Eternelle Folie (Valse) . .	*Y. K. Nazare-Aga.*
4.	Selection from the Opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*	*P. Mascagni.*

1. Romance (Violin Solo) . . . *T. Swendsen.*
2. (*a*) Menuet . . . . . *L. Boccherini.*
   (*b*) Traümerei (for String Quintett) *R. Schumann.*

To each of the guests at the State Dinner of the 20th of February was given the following explanation of the Bugaku dance :—

PROGRAMME

SHUNTEI-KWA.—This classical dance was originally introduced from China about one thousand one hundred and twenty years ago. Afterwards the music was rearranged by a Japanese Court artist, and the dancing was arranged by Korenari Inugami. A number of gentlemen are supposed to be enjoying and admiring blossoms in a garden in spring-time.

TAIHEIRAKU.—This dance is in imitation of the old Chinese Taiheiraku of one thousand and forty years ago. It is supposed to mean the putting away of all disorders and the restoration of peace.

NASORI.—This is an old Korean piece and represents two dragons at play.

Wednesday, February 21.—I wonder how often, since we landed in Japan two days ago, the question has been put to me by old Japanese friends and new acquaintances, "Do you not see great changes in our country since you were here before." I think that, without giving any heed

to what had gone before, all that we saw and did on Wednesday, the 21st of February, furnishes a pretty complete answer to that question.

We were up betimes, for we had a long day's work ahead of us. There was a good deal to be done before 9.30, when the Prince had to receive a number of Japanese nobles who came to be presented. Among them the most conspicuous figure was Prince Tokugawa, the ex-Shōgun, whose rule came to an end when the revolution of the Daimyōs in 1868 restored to the then Boy-Emperor the power which for seven hundred years had been vested in successive dynasties of Shōguns, the last of which—the Tokugawa—was founded by Tokugawa Iyéyasu in A.D. 1603. The battle of Fushimi, near Kyōtō, on 17th January 1868, and the battle of Uyéno in the following July, in which his troops were finally defeated, reduced the Shōgun from the inheritance of a royal power, held by his ancestors for two hundred and fifty years, to the condition of a private gentleman. The flame of war flickered for a while in the North, but the great man himself retired to his castle at Shidzuoka, where he seems to have occupied himself in organising a tea industry for the benefit of his former retainers, amusing himself the while

with country sports and the composition of Chinese poetry.

At the age of thirty, when I remember him just before his downfall, Prince Tokugawa was one of the handsomest and most distinguished-looking men I ever saw. Nor was that all. He was endowed with the most winning graciousness and charm of manner. He was not tall, but singularly well-proportioned. His features were clean cut, the mouth and teeth perfect, the complexion clear olive, the hands and feet fit for a sculptor to model. When he smiled the whole face was lighted up. Even now, as an old man, he has retained much of his good looks and all his charm.

I remember, as if it had happened yesterday, the first time we went to an audience of the Shōgun. It was in the castle of Ōsaka, a most imposing building. Sir Harry Parkes, Mr. (now Sir Ernest) Satow, and myself were shown through a labyrinth of corridors into a great matted room beautifully decorated. Chairs were placed round a table at which the Gorōjiu (the Shōgun's councillors) and ourselves were seated; one chair was vacant. All of a sudden the hissing sound of breath drawn in, the sign of the approach of a great man, was heard through the building and passages. Nearer

and nearer the sound came, until at last the sliding screens were pushed aside, and for a second or two, in the space formed, a statuesque figure stood motionless. We rose and bowed, the salutation was smilingly and gracefully returned, and the Shōgun, beckoning us to be seated, took the vacant chair.

First, after a series of intrigues which were not bloodless, the Ruler of this great Empire, to all intents and purposes a King, then treated as a rebel, afterwards forgiven and taken into favour again by the Emperor, Prince Tokugawa must have gone through as many vicissitudes of fortune as any man that ever lived.

A few days later I saw him again when he came to luncheon with Prince Arthur, and had a long talk with him. At first he did not recognise me owing to the change of name, but when I explained that to him, he remembered me and talked quite freely. "Things have changed a good deal since you and I met at Ōsaka," was the first thing he said. They have indeed!

But the last time that I saw him! It was after the battle of Fushimi, and he was riding back to Ōsaka, a beaten man, at the head of his army, surrounded by a bodyguard of warriors, helmeted

and visored, clad in the ancient armour of Japan. It was not only a picturesque sight never to be forgotten, it was also a day fateful in history.

I accompanied him to the door when he left. His carriage was waiting for him, and so he drove off without even one gentleman in attendance. He, before whom every knee was bent and every head was bowed, who never moved out without his hundreds of spearmen and bowmen and retainers and officers, all the pomp and circumstance of state—now absolutely alone! And yet a great personage. For if the Shōgunate is abolished, the Head of the House of Tokugawa remains an important noble, happier perhaps in his calm old age than ever he was in the stormy days of a glory which he himself felt to be an anachronism, false and untenable.

After the Japanese nobles had taken their leave the Diplomatic body had to be introduced, and then followed a ceremony which was full of interest.

The King had sent his Order of Merit to be conferred upon Marshals Yamagata and Ōyama and upon Admiral Tōgō, and the Prince was to invest them with the badge. It was a grand sight to see these three bronzed and war-worn heroes come up one by one with bowed heads to receive at the

young Prince's hands an honour which was now for the first time conferred upon anybody not a subject of our King. That they fully appreciated this, and were deeply moved, is certain ; it was written in their faces, and it was almost reverently that they took the badge which Colonel Davidson hung round their necks.

As each in turn stood before him the Prince read the following address :—

"SIR,—I am commanded by the King of England to present to you the 'Order of Merit,' an order instituted by His Majesty for the reward of services of special and exceptional merit.

"The number of recipients of the Order is limited to twenty-four, and in conveying to you this mark of the King of England's appreciation, I am to inform you that this is the first occasion upon which the Order has been bestowed on any one not of British nationality."

To this formal speech the Prince added a few personal and gracious words of his own, saying, "It is a great personal pleasure to me, and I consider it a great honour to have been deputed by His Majesty to confer the Order of Merit on one who has so nobly served his country, and I hope that you may long live to wear it."

The three veterans went off at once to telegraph their thanks to the King. It is a characteristic trait of the modesty of these great men that Admiral Tōgō certainly, and I think both the Marshals, at first wore their decorations with the words "For Merit" turned inwards. To wear them with such an inscription exposed would savour of bragging, and these men are no braggarts. It was only when the incorrectness of this was pointed out to them that, in deference to etiquette, they turned their badges the right way.

It is not an easy matter to record a succession of entertainments, each perfect of its kind, each marked by the same graceful hospitality, the same cordial enthusiasm. If only in any one of them there had been some small failure, some error of commission or of omission, it would have given to my writing a little of the zest of variety, a little of the spice of criticism. As it is, I am condemned to a monotone of praise and admiration. Again, there have been so many "first times" to tell of, that any one who takes the trouble to read these pages will wish that some one person had put his back up and refused to do the right thing, if only for the sake of a little change. For such malcontents I have no story to relate. I can only

fall back upon the weather, which certainly behaved most shabbily.

It was raining in torrents when we set out for the Kōraku Yen—the Arsenal Garden where General Terauchi, the Minister of War, had invited us to luncheon. The garden is one of the most beautiful places of Tōkyō. It was in old days the home of the Princes of Mito, one of the Go-san-ké, the three princely houses of the Tokugawa family in which the succession to the Shōgunate was formerly vested. It was the intriguing of the old Prince of Mito which led to his third son Kéiki, now the Prince Tokugawa mentioned above, being raised to the office of Shōgun in 1866, and caused the once famous murder of the Minister Ii Kamon no Kami. The palace now no longer exists; the sounds of courtly music and solemn dances are replaced by the clank of steel, the blast of furnaces, and the endless din of the giant forges. Grimy artisans, engineers, pondering abstruse problems, hurry with eager steps along paths once delicately trodden by dainty dames clad in richest brocade. Vulcan has turned Venus out of doors, but the beautiful garden remains as well tended as of yore, though its only tenants are two solemn cranes, emblems of lon-

gevity, looking supremely miserable in the pelting rain with which their plumage is bedraggled. I think that on the whole this is the prettiest garden that I have seen in Japan; at any rate it is one in which, from our Western point of view, the most art is shown. Other gardens in the midst of fine scenery may be more romantic; but this is fashioned in the town without any extraneous advantages. Then it has the charm of age, giving dignity to the trees and to the lichen-covered rocks.

When we had wandered through the workshops and seen all the many wonders, we were taken to have luncheon in a great temporary building, where in the decoration every corner had been transformed into a fairy bower of cherry-trees in full blossom, and the electric light had been turned to such account as I had never before seen. The effect was really bewildering and took us all by surprise. I sat between Prince Arisugawa and Marshal Ōyama, so I was well placed. After luncheon Prince Arthur made a pretty little speech, proposing "The Japanese Army." General Terauchi replied, and then Prince Fushimi drank to the health of the English Army, coupling Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny with the toast. Then up got our General and touched the true note when

he spoke of "my comrades, your illustrious generals," a little compliment which could not fail to go straight to the hearts of his audience. The ball was prettily thrown, and as prettily caught.

By the time we had taken leave of our hosts the day was well advanced, but there was still plenty of light, so we were driven off to the famous Mitsukoshi shop, a huge place full of temptations, which I do not think that any of us even attempted to resist. There were gorgeous embroideries, pictures wrought in needlework, crêpe of all kinds and colours, silken robes, with charming little ladies to put them on and set them off. I bought five pieces of crêpe, which I hope will meet with success when they reach their destination.

Our visit to the Mitsukoshi shop had long been pre-arranged, so the proprietors—very rich people—had determined to do something in honour of the Prince. In a little courtyard inside the shop they had caused to be built a tiny tea-house, not much bigger than a toy, in two compartments, in one of which sat a professoress of the Cha No Yu, the tea ceremonies, one of the most complex entertainments of old Japan. It was a treat to see the way in which she went

through the mysteries of her craft. How gracefully she moved! How daintily her pretty little hands dealt with every stage of the process! The pouring of the water on the powdered leaves, the stirring of the mixture with a bamboo whisk (which must come from Nara), the covering of the cup, the final obeisance and handing of the cup to the honoured guest—every motion is prescribed. Not a finger must go astray, not a fold of the dress must be awry. There must be no hurry, nothing precipitate—not the semblance of a smile must strike a note of frivolity. It is all gentle and graceful, and very, very solemn. The little house was so small that only one of us at a time could take his place in the compartment which mimicked a guest-chamber. But the ceremony was complete and absolutely perfect, for the lady was a past mistress of her art.

A very pleasant dinner, given by the Crown Prince at the Shiba Palace—where I sat next to the Marquis Kido, the adopted son of the best friend I had here in the old days, now, alas! long since dead—by no means brought the day's festivities to a close, for there was a ball at the British Embassy, at which all the princes and princesses were present.

Princess Arisugawa brought her daughter. It was her first ball, and very much she seemed to enjoy it. Being in Japanese costume she could not, of course, dance round dances, but she did take part in quadrilles. As for me, when I see these things I feel like Rip Van Winkle. I have been asleep, and centuries have passed over my head.

Thursday, February 22. — A ball following upon a pretty full day is not the best preparation for getting up before daybreak on a very cold winter's morning. However, at 6.15 I had to be afoot in order to be ready for an early start by train for Yokosuka, an important naval arsenal about fifty miles from Tōkyō, west of Yokohama. We were singularly lucky in our weather, for, although we heard afterwards that it had rained all day in the capital, we had a bright sky and a shining sun to cheer us.

Yokosuka is a very pretty land-locked harbour surrounded by those picturesque volcanic hills charmingly laced with pine-trees, bamboos, and all manner of fascinating vegetation, which form such a striking feature in the coast scenery of Japan. It was only a small fishing village when certain French officers in the Shōgun's service fixed upon

it as the site for an arsenal, which from small beginnings has risen to be a dockyard of the first importance.

But two hundred and fifty years before it had attracted the official attention, it had been the scene of a story, and the home of a man whose memory has been recently resuscitated by the new Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1600, that Will Adams, the pilot, landed in Japan, being the first Englishman who ever set foot in these Islands. In his letter to certain English "marchants" in the Island of Java he gives the following account of himself:—"Your worships, to whom this present writing shall come, is to geve you to understand that I am a Kentish man, borne in a towne called Gillingam, two English miles from Rochester, one mile from Chattam where the King's ships doe lye." Having been apprenticed for twelve years to one master, Nicholas Diggines at Limehouse near London, he served as master and pilot in *Her* Majesty's ships. He then entered the service of "the Worshipfull Companie of the Barbarie Marchants," until "the Indish traffic from Holland" began. In this "Indish traffic" he wished to "make a lettel experience of the small knowledge which God had

given me," and so he became Master Pilot of a "Fleet of five sayle." It would be too long to tell here how they sailed for Brazil, passed through the Straits of Magellan, and entered the Pacific Ocean. How they lost their companion ships by stress of weather. How they shaped their course for "Japon," reaching Bungo starved, sick, and sorry, with the loss of many men, on the 19th of April 1600. But the difficulties of the sea were not the only ones with which Will Adams had to deal. "The Jesuits and the Portingals" were jealous of this new comer, and did what they could to destroy him. Luckily, however, a wise man, Tokugawa Iyéyasu, was ruler over the country. At the end of many days Adams was set free from prison; as much of the property which his enemies had stolen from him as could be recovered was restored to him, and he himself being in high grace and favour was appointed to "learn" Iyéyasu in "some points of jeometry and understanding of the art of mathematickes, with other things." To cut a long story short, Iyéyasu was a good judge of men; he recognised the value of Will Adams, kept him in his service as a ship-builder, and married him to a Japanese wife; and although poor Will always prayed to be allowed to return

home to his English wife and children, at Hemin by Yokosuka he had to remain. His grave and that of his Japanese wife are shown here, and now, in face of the English Alliance, a movement has been set on foot among the Japanese to get up a fund to endow these tombs, so that a curatorship may be established for their care for all time.

It is noteworthy that Will Adams was actually appointed feudal lord over Hemin and its inhabitants; the acknowledgment which he paid to the Shōgun was the daily gift of a tai (sea-bream), which was sent to Tōkyō; and for 250 years after the old pilot's death, until the abolition of the Shōgunate, Hemin continued to send that daily tribute to the Palace. When Adams died on the 16th of May 1620, it was found that he had not forgotten the poor English wife from whom he had been so long and so much against his will separated. For in his last will and testament he left her half his property. The other half went to a son and daughter in Japan.

A letter addressed by Captain Cock to the Governors of the East India Company, dated the 13th of December 1620, and reprinted by the *Japan Gazette* from the Papers of the Hakluyt Society, runs as follows:—

"Our good frend Captain Wm. Addames, whoe was soe long before us in Japon, departed out of this world the vj of May last; and made Mr. Wm. Eaton and myselfe his overseers: geving the one halfe of his Estate to his wife and childe in England; and the other halfe to a sonne and daughter he had in Japon. The coppie of his will, with an other of his inventory (or account of his estate), I send to his wife and daughter, per Captain Martin Pring, their good frend, well knowne to them long tyme past. And I have delivered one hundred pounds starling to diuers of the James Royall Company, entred into the purser's book to pay two for one in England, is two hundred pounds starling to Mrs. Addames and her daughter, for it was not his mind that his wife should have all, in regard she might marry an other husband, and carry all from his childe; but that rather it should be equally parted between them: of which I thought good to adviz your wourship. And the rest of his debts and estates being gotton in, I will either bring, or send it per first occasion offred and that may be most for their profitt: according as the deceased put his trust in me and his other frend Mr. Eaton."

The will itself is preserved among the records

of the Honourable the East India Company. It is in Japanese, and no translation of it has been found.

The flags were flying, the guns were booming, and there was lusty cheering as we put off in the steam-launch to see the many sights of Yokosuka. But this time the cry was not "Banzai," but "Hoga," for the Japanese sailor has a cheer of his own. "Banzai" means "ten thousand years," like the "O King, live for ever!" of the Bible. "Hoga," on the other hand, means "Respectfully saluting"; but whether the cry be "Banzai," or whether it be "Hoga," there is no mistaking the heartiness of the welcome. There is something inspiriting, too, in the sight of the sun: "*Tôgô Hiyori!*" say our Japanese friends, and the great Admiral smiles a pleased smile; for when he came back from the war and made his triumphant entry into Tōkyō, the weather was brilliant, whilst when Marshal Ōyama came back the rain was falling pitilessly, so with the crowd of Tōkyō, "Tōgō Hiyori" and "Ōyama Amé," Tōgō sunshine, Ōyama rain, have become household words.

To the ignorant the sight of a great arsenal, so full of meaning to the expert, conveys little save the sense of power,—of the triumph of man, the

master of fire, over immeasurable difficulties, each conquered step by step, each the despair of many, the victory of one. To me one lathe is very like another. Two forges side by side may be turning out very different work, but the profane see only the fierce flames, hear only the hissing of the mighty bellows and the angry roar of the fire. Streams of molten iron are being poured into moulds and come out as mighty guns, sheets of red hot steel, moved with as great ease as toys, are being pressed by the power of water into armour plates. It is all very wonderful, and rather horrible ; but only he who is himself of the craft can grasp it all.

Work ! work ! work ! Never were men so eager as these Japanese artisans. The presence of an English Prince, with his following of famous admirals and generals, hardly tempts them to glance for a second away from lathe or hammer or file. Not for a moment does the clang of metal upon metal cease. Prince or no Prince, the task must be done ; the task is everything. It was as if each man felt that upon him and upon his work depended the fate of the Empire. Here is the true spirit of labour, the chivalry of work ; the ambition which makes a man determine that at

the end of each day *he* shall be able to say to *himself*, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The activity outside these cyclopean workshops is as great as that which reigns within. If the ghost of Will Adams ever revisits the lovely spot where he, the Lord of Hemin, used to build galleons for the Shōgun Iyéyasu : if he can see the giant *Satsuma*—the first ironclad battleship ever built in Japan, nineteen thousand tons of her—lying on the stocks with the busy workmen swarming over her, fitting, bolting, hammering—what must his thoughts be? If he can see in the harbour four great Russian ships, the *Nicholas I.* the *Variag*, the *Peresviet*, and the *Apraxin*, the spoil of Admiral Tōgō's bow and spear, all smashed to pieces almost, but all being repaired to form part of the Japanese navy, how proud he must be of the country for which he toiled so faithfully for twenty long years of his life.

We steamed round three of these ships, and went on board the *Peresviet.* It is difficult—indeed impossible—for me, a landsman, to convey any idea of the havoc created by the great shells—iron riven asunder, great yawning chasms, deck after deck pierced through, funnels riddled with shot and wrenched out of all shape, great sheets

of iron and steel armour twisted like tissue paper. One small torpedo boat, which is now lying on the shore by the jetty, has been on one side knocked out of all similitude to itself. You have to look to the other side to see that she was once a boat, otherwise she is just a heap of old iron and nothing more. She was on board the *Orel* when the shell struck her, and it gives one some idea of the gallantry with which the Russians fought that ill-fated ship, when one sees what was happening on her decks. She must have borne herself bravely indeed! It was an awful sight. But when some days later, at Sasébo, I was shown a book of photographs of wounds done for the naval hospital, then I think I realised something of the terrors of modern warfare. It was a nightmare—a haunting horror!

It would have been most interesting to have seen all this in any case, but that interest was increased a thousandfold by the presence of Admiral Tōgō, the hero of Japan's naval triumphs. As Sir Edward Seymour said, it was like going with Nelson to see the *San Josef* in the Hamoaze at Plymouth.

At luncheon we had the usual speeches—Sir Edward Seymour responded for the British Navy,

alluding to the battle of the Sea of Japan as the Japanese Trafalgar. One of the English newspapers reported his speech as if Trafalgar was quite reduced to a second place. Of such *lèse-majesté* against the great man of his profession neither he nor any English seaman could be guilty. He gave full praise, however, to the Japanese Navy, and who can doubt that he was right when he hailed Admiral Tōgō as the Nelson of Japan? The battle of Trafalgar broke the power of Napoleon; the battle of the Sea of Japan sealed the fate of Port Arthur, and ended the war with Russia. Two big results, worthy of being put side by side.

Praise, however, and honour sit lightly upon Admiral Tōgō. I should hardly have deemed it possible, had I not witnessed it, for any man to remain so unmoved as he was when he was accompanying us over the *Peresviet*. Mostly he remained in the background, and it was only when he was directly appealed to that he took any part in the proceedings. When Admiral Seymour spoke at the luncheon, he bowed, and his own peculiar gentle smile came over his face. He is too great a gentleman not to acknowledge a civility, but he always seems to think so little of

what he has done. I cannot help dwelling on this characteristic in Admiral Tōgō and in General Kuroki, for I am anxious that it should be understood what manner of men these are, whom we, who know them, admire so much.

Always in a hurry? so much to see at Yokosuka: so much that must be left unseen! I for one should dearly have liked to visit the tomb of Will Adams and his wife. But we had to be whirled back to Tōkyō for many reasons. Above all, there was a reception at the American Legation, held in honour of General Washington's birthday, which it was our duty to attend. There are fortunately, however, some duties which are a real pleasure, and this was one of them. Mr. Wilson, the American *chargé d'affaires*, and Mrs. Wilson, did the honours of their house with so much grace and such a kindly manner that they made us regret that we had not more time to spend in their salon; but it is always the same story,—too little time! Here too I met an old friend, one of the few left whom I remember in the far-away days in Japan. Mr. Minami was at one time Under Secretary in the Foreign Office. He has now left the public service and has started a sort of Cook's tourist agency for Japan, in which

he is assisted by his two sons. As he speaks English extraordinarily well I should hope that he must succeed. He was so good as to present me to his wife, a charmingly unaffected Japanese lady. We talked over many reminiscences, but here again our conversation was, unfortunately, cut short by an absolutely necessary move homeward.

In the evening we dined with Mr. Kato, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I had the advantage of sitting next to His Excellency at dinner, and had a great deal of interesting talk with him. He was formerly Minister in London, and consequently knows England well. He is an extremely agreeable and well-informed man, and his acquaintance with so many people whom I know gave an additional zest to his conversation.

Unfortunately he has, since our dinner with him, resigned his office. It seems, according to the Press, that his disagreement with his colleagues is upon the subject of the measure now in contemplation for the purchase by the State of the various railways.

Friday, February 23.—Duck-netting at Shinhama was the first order of the day on Friday, February 23. In Mr. Chamberlain's delightful book, *Things Japanese*, it is called "Duck-hunting."

The first thought which suggested itself to me was, How does a man, being only a man, and not furnished with wings, set about hunting a duck? The second thought on looking at the weather was, How much rather I would be the duck than the hunter. For it was raining as if it had never rained before and was making up for lost time—a steady downpour without an interval from 6.30 A.M., when I got up, hoping against hope that a merciful telegram might arrive to say that the hunt was put off. No such telegram was forthcoming, however. The carriages came round to the door, and off we went.

I confess that when I looked out on the sloppy streets, when I saw the torrents of rain, and the poor folk who were forced to be out of doors splashing through the mud "koro-koro" on their high wooden clogs, my spirits sank below zero. But it was impossible to remain in the dumps for long in company with General Kuroki and Captain Takarabé. Their gaiety and good humour were infectious, and we were soon all laughing as if there were no such thing as rain and inclement weather. Captain Takarabé, a distinguished sailor, and Vice-Admiral Ijuin, who is also attached to Prince Arthur's staff during his stay in Japan,

were neither of them actively engaged in the late war. Nevertheless they played an important part in it, for it was they who, as heads of the Intelligence Department of the Ministry of Marine, received and drew up all the telegrams containing reports or conveying instructions. During nineteen months Admiral Ijuin slept in his office—always on the alert, always ready for any emergency; and though occasionally sent with despatches to Admiral Tōgō, for nine weeks Captain Takarabé never even went outside the building. The first news that they received of the battle of the Sea of Japan was to the effect that things were going favourably for the Japanese fleet—nothing more. Then a long period of awful, blank delay; and at last, after twenty-four hours of straining anxiety, THE telegram—news so glorious that they could hardly believe it, could in no wise realise it. It is difficult to think what must have been the feelings of those men who had been waiting, waiting in a fever of suspense, when the glad tidings came, bringing the certainty of a victory never surpassed in its completeness—the enemy swept off the face of the sea, the capture of Port Arthur a mere question of days or weeks, a vision of peace in the near future.

But this is not duck-hunting.

It was a long drive, beyond the very farthest limits of the great city. We crossed two rivers over two ugly modern bridges of stone, which have replaced the picturesque old wooden structures of former days. It is well enough that wood should have been supplanted by stone ; but why not have preserved the beautiful old forms? The commonplace European stone and cast-iron work is altogether out of tune with the grace of Japanese art. At Kyōtō and in the country I have seen stone bridges of the most charming fashion. It is a pity that here in the capital the European Vandal or his pupil should have been allowed to perpetrate these iniquities. Barring these bridges, there is nothing that one comes upon during all those miles which does not carry the impress of the many charms of Old Japan. The low wooden houses, with their paper screens in lieu of windows ; the shops with little maidens doing their daily marketing ; the costermongers with their two baskets carried across their shoulders on bamboo poles ; the blind shampooers with their whistles ; the old women stopping under their paper umbrellas, despite the rain, for a gossip with a crony ; the closely-shaven Buddhist monks—all these remind one of Old

Yedo, which is now Tōkyō. One figure—I do not think that he was one of the charms of those days—is missing, the swashbuckler, with his two swords, swaggering home after a night's revel in the wine-shops of Shinagawa or elsewhere, and looking with anything but friendly eyes upon what a Japanese writer once called the "unacquainted foreigner."

It took us pretty well two hours to reach a broad river, across which we were ferried, and on the other side were waiting the jinrikishas which were to carry us on to Shinhama. For some time before we reached the ferry we had been travelling through suburbs which had a more or less rustic appearance: there were even fields and market-gardens such as we old folk remember between Chelsea and Fulham. But here at last we were in the real country.

I wonder whether any country in the world can show such snug and picturesque homesteads as those of the peasants of Japan. Nestled against a mountain side, or perched on some tiny knoll only a few feet above the flooded rice-fields, in a little grove of trees stands the tiny house. It is but a flimsy affair, built, of course, like the town houses, of wood and paper. The chief difference

is in the roof, which, instead of being tiled, is covered with a rich brown thatch, warm in winter, cool in summer, and bearing in due season a lovely crop of blue Iris flowers. It is fenced in by a bamboo hedge with camellias and other evergreens behind it. Cocks and hens strut about the little yard, where the goodwife is busy with her household duties, hanging up linen to dry, pounding rice for the Mochi, cleaning vegetables or what not, while the eldest daughter is minding the babies. Close by is a Tori-i, or bird's seat, the simple portal which marks the approach to a Shintō shrine in honour of Inari Sama, the god of farming, whose ministers are the two foxes, figures of which are placed on either side of the altar on which is his tablet. It is all so primitive, so innocent, and so well-to-do—a picture of that "Simple Life" of which so much is said in these days, a picture of content earned by honest work. Cheerfulness is written in the faces of these happy peasants. Their fare is humble, like their houses; but it is enough, and they are contented: men and women alike have smiling faces, and a kindly greeting for the stranger who passes their way.

On a day like this, when the dykes are as

slippery as ice, and when the foothold is, to say the least of it, precarious, it is no easy matter for the jinrikisha men to steer their course safely through the rice-fields. There is but just room for the little carriages, and a false step would precipitate cart and fare into the paddy. More wet we could hardly be, but when one thinks how these fields are nourished the thought is appalling. But the men are surefooted, and on they trot, heedless of mud, heedless of rain, and when, finally, they land us in the courtyard of the Lodge at Shinhama they are as bright and merry as when they started.

The Grand Veneur, Count Toda, G.C.V.O., with his officers, all in uniforms of Lincoln green with aiguillettes, giving quite a Sherwood Forest look to the scene, were before us, ready to receive Prince Arthur. The Lodge is an unpretentious little wooden building, which apparently consists only of a dining-room and waiting-room. In the latter were great trenches in the concrete floor, in which at intervals charcoal fires were burning. It was a luxury for us to warm and partially dry ourselves at these—a perfectly futile proceeding, for in a very few minutes we were soaked through as before! But no matter! our kind hosts were

determined that we should be pleased, and we were as determined as they. So all was well.

The first thing was that we should have some little knowledge of what was going to take place, so there was a rehearsal, in which the professors, of whom Admiral Tōgō was one of the most proficient, taught us our lesson.

When we had mastered the first rudiments of the science, we were conducted to the scene of operations.

At about a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the Lodge is a salt-water lake or arm of the sea, which at certain times is covered with wild fowl of all sorts. A great dyke of earth masks this preserve, from which are cut rather deep little canals; at the farther end of these is again a small mask of earth with a peep-hole, enabling the keepers to see when the ducks, who have been led in by feeding and by decoys, are in sufficient numbers for sport to begin. Silent as the grave, the sportsmen crouch outside the mask. Not a sound must be uttered. When the keeper gives the signal they all creep forward, each armed with a great net at the end of a bamboo pole, like a butterfly net from the

kingdom of Brobdingnag, and keeping out of sight, stand, four on each side of the canal, until the ducks, scenting mischief, rise up in front of them. That is the exciting moment. It is not altogether so easy as it sounds to catch the wary duck, and in our case, for some reason or another—perhaps owing to the spitefulness of the weather—not many came into the canals, though the great mere was swarming with them, as we could see when we were taken to one of the peep-holes in the great dyke. But the fun and the laughter were good enough for anything—and the chaff that went on! We caught a few duck, or rather teal, and then went back to the Lodge, drenched to the skin, but very happy. We had as usual a most excellent luncheon, presided over by Viscount Tanaka, Minister of the Imperial Household, and were sitting about the charcoal fires when an electric bell sounded, "More duck in the canals." Out we sallied again, but this time we were doomed to disappointment altogether. The ducks had gone back again, and not one put in an appearance, so we had to console ourselves with watching a very picturesque fisherman in his grass waistcoat, like a drawing by Hokusai, performing marvellous feats with a casting-net out of

a cockleshell of a boat, and seeing a falcon strike down a flying duck.

But it was time to go back to Tōkyō. So we said good-bye to our hosts, who, as usual, had taken so great pains to give us an enjoyable and exciting day.

I never heard of this form of sport in the old days. But that is no matter for wonder, for, according to Mr. Chamberlain (and if he does not know, no man does), it was only invented about thirty years ago for the amusement of the Imperial family. When duck are plentiful it must be very good fun, as many as from seven to eight hundred having been caught in one day. We were unlucky in our day, but otherwise all was delightful. It was a novel experience, and if we did get a little wet we were none the worse for it.

Few people visit Japan without coming in for the experience of an earthquake. This evening, while I was dressing, we had our first taste of one on this journey; the house began to shake and the crockery to rattle, but it was a poor, half-hearted little affair, and I have known as good a specimen on the Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire.

An official dinner at the Embassy, with all the

Princes and Princesses, brought the day to a close. After dinner there was an exhibition of jujutsu in the temporary ball-room.

A certain dramatic interest had been given to the jujutsu by weaving it into two little plays. A young girl is attacked by a ruffian in a lonely street. Of course the ruffian is armed with a sword; equally, of course, the young girl has no defence but her own two arms, and a very stout pair of arms they are. The poor ruffian never has a chance. He may dance about and prance about as he pleases. Every cut is stopped by that powerful wrist, and ultimately the ruffian, disarmed and discomfited, is most disgracefully beaten. A famous Japanese general who was sitting next to me, said with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "Some of that girl's tricks would have been pretty useful to you in the old days, would they not?"

Then there was another scene enacted. A faithful servant girl is alone in the house at night. Enter a burglar. But it is all of no avail. His burgling is doomed to failure and he to contumely; for the young girl, uttering hoarse screams of defiance, does what she pleases with him—twists him and turns him and throws him, and utterly routs him, in spite of his arms and his

terror-striking yells and shouts. And so the young girl is left mistress of the situation, while the disgraced burglar has to plead for mercy. From the dramatic point of view one is driven to the criticism that it is inappropriate for a burglar to give out yells which would awaken the Seven Sleepers, and must arouse the whole neighbourhood, but as an exhibition of strength on the part of a girl it was simply amazing.

During our stay in Japan we have seen a good many of these shows of jujutsu, and certainly they are very surprising. To see a woman tossing a full-grown man over her head as easily as if he were a baby is wonderful. More wonderful still is it that women should be taught these violent exercises at all. It has been a common sight for us to see women fencing with wooden swords, giving and taking as hard blows as the men do, without a sign of flinching or of pain. We have even seen a set-to between man and woman, between sword and spear. It would seem as if nothing were so much in fashion at the present day with men and women alike as everything that pertains to military excellence; even mere posturings with weapons, to us quite meaningless, arouse enthusiasm and admiration.

Drill is an important factor in the curriculum of all schools. Boys and girls alike are taught to march and countermarch, and it would do Lord Roberts' heart good to see a battalion of girls march in fours with a soldier-like swing and form up two deep with the accuracy of the Brigade of Guards. In this way are stimulated habits of discipline and of obedience, which can scarcely be attained by any other method, and which must most certainly make the rawest recruit more valuable material for the drill sergeant to develop into a soldier than the clumsy shop-boy or the yokel taken straight from the plough.

Nay, more. The spirit of Bushidō is fostered and worked up to the highest pitch. First of all things duty. Duty to the Fatherland. Duty before life itself. This was the leading thought which inspired the hero Hirosé, and there are many Hirosés in Japan.

Some there may be who will sneer at this and call it jingoism, militarism. Let them sneer. This it is that builds up the strength of a nation and makes it rise above its fellows. In each man it breeds the determination to be himself at his best,—that such faculties as he possesses shall be so developed, so improved that, should his

country want him, he can offer up, in sacrifice if so it must be, the highest capabilities of which he is the heir. Never must the talent be laid up in a napkin.

There is another point in which we may learn much from our allies, and that is a quality for which I must coin a word—preparedness. I remember as a boy hearing a story of the great Duke of Wellington which I have never seen recorded. It was in 1848. The Chartists were expected to attack London. Lord John Russell suggested to the Duke a number of precautions. In each case the answer was, "Done already." When the late war with Russia became inevitable everything had been "done already." Nothing was left to chance. Every military preparation had been made. Transports[1] were at hand, ships of war were fitted, 800,000 tons of coal were lying in reserve at Sasébo, medical outfits were complete, Princesses and Dames of high degree

[1] Transports in themselves a miracle of foresight, for they carried rails and culverts each numbered for the place which it was to fit, and every necessary for those military railways which had already been accurately planned. The whole of the country which was to be the seat of war had been carefully surveyed for the purpose. I suppose no war was ever declared where so little was left to chance: there was no detail too small for the clear eyes of the Intelligence Department. Their prescience was complete.

had been for months and months packing lint and other necessaries, nurses by the hundreds were trained as never nurses were trained before (as to that we have the evidence of Sir Frederic Treves and Miss M'Caul). "Done already!"

And all this had been going on silently, calmly, without fuss or fidget, so that it was not until they actually came into use that the existence of all these preparations was even guessed at.

The war is over. Is all this at an end too? Go to Yokosuka, to Kuré, to Sasébo. Better still, go to any school in any out-of-the-way country village. The answer is there.

Saturday, February 24. — At 9.30 in the morning another earthquake; this time a pretty sharp one—indeed, the Japanese tell us that it is the worst that has occurred for five years. At Yokohama it must have been more violent than at Tōkyō, for some damage was done to buildings. At the Hong-Kong and Shanghai bank a chimney stack was knocked down and partially wrecked a room. In Tōkyō there was a fine dance of crockery, and furniture played a game of general post, but so far as I could hear no harm was done. If this was a bad specimen of the earthquakes of to-day—and all witnesses agree that it

was something out of the common—I cannot help thinking that they must have become less severe than they were forty years ago. I remember the first night I slept in Japan in 1866 being awakened by a shock which seemed as if the house must inevitably come crashing down upon us. A year later I was sitting with a Japanese gentleman in my house at Tōkyō when the room began to rock to and fro, gently at first, then with such alarming violence that we rushed out into the garden. There we saw a curious sight: the house was swinging like a pendulum, and trees, one a pine of considerable size, were lifted slowly out of the earth so that their roots were all exposed. As slowly they were drawn down again, and, strange to say, were none the worse for these unwonted gymnastic exercises. But the great catastrophe in modern times was the famous earthquake of 1855, when it was reckoned that twenty thousand persons perished—some burnt to death by the great fire that took place owing to the overturning of braziers of charcoal; others killed by falling roofs; others, as they tried to escape, crushed in gaping crevasses which opened to catch them and quickly closed in upon the poor screaming wretches.

It was during this awful upheaval that the mighty tidal wave occurred which swept whole villages to destruction, and wrecked the Russian frigate *Diana*. Since that time there has been no such tragedy.

For close upon two hundred years, since 1707, when the last eruption took place, Fuji has been at rest. For fifty years, though there have been many shocks—I remember upwards of two hundred being counted in one fortnight—none have been so great as to amount to a calamity. Can the hidden forces have wellnigh spent themselves? One would fain hope so.

This day we were invited to luncheon by Prince Fushimi in his beautiful palace, where side by side with the modern European building stands a perfect Japanese house in the old style, opening out on to a large garden laid out with all the skill of the Japanese landscape poet. I sat next to the Prince, our own Prince, according to the fashion of Tōkyō, sitting opposite to his host.

Immediately after luncheon we went into the garden, where Prince Fushimi had arranged a dakyū match—Japanese polo—for us to see. The regulation course is sixty yards long by twenty broad. At one end is a high boarded fence which

constitutes the goal, in the middle of which is a small pocket into which the balls have to be thrown. On either side are movable discs, which by being moved up and down indicate the score. The two last discs are marked with a cross; it is not until one of these has disappeared that the game is decided. Above the fence on either side are two poles, one carrying red, the other white streamers.

A number of red and white balls are thrown on to the ground in the lists. Two of these, one of each colour, are crossed to correspond with the scoring discs. Then the players ride in—eight clad in red, eight in white. They wear the ancient dress and flat lacquer hats of the Samurai, with wide riding trousers. Their saddles and stirrups and all their accoutrements are of the old fashion. In great stateliness the procession rides in, first a red player, then a white, alternately. As they pass the tribune in which the Princes and other guests are seated they gravely salute, and then the game begins. Each rider carries a cane wand with a little net at the end; armed with this he has to stoop and pick up a ball of his own colour, itself a clever feat of dexterity, then balancing the ball as he goes he rides up to the

goal and takes a shot at the hole with his wand. During the throwing of the first three or four balls there is no serious opposition on either side. After that the one side begins tackling its opponents, riding at them, circling round them, and balking them in every possible way. But when it comes to the two last starred balls, by which the game has to be decided, then the fun gets fast and furious. That is the moment when the captains on either side really come to the front, and the excitement reaches its height. It is a battle royal. It is no mean test of horsemanship to carry a ball in the net cup of a long stick through a yelling crowd of skilled players and gallop with it up to the goal, and when that is reached the shot has to be taken with eight men all dashing forward, straining every muscle to hinder it—a rare trial of nerve and eye. The captain of the white side was reputed the champion player of dakyū in Tōkyō, and it was wonderful to see the skill with which, like a first-rate player running the ball at football, he tricked his enemies, twisting to the right, off again to the left, charging one man, being charged by another, yet never dropping the ball, hindered once, hindered twice and again, but in the end dropping his ball safely in the

pocket. Then arose a shout as if a great victory had been won, and, saluting as before, the players rode out of the arena. The excitement was contagious, and I think we were as keen as the riders themselves.

The Japanese set a great value on their game of dakyū ; and well they may, for it is an excellent schooling for horsemen. It is not easy to convey any adequate idea of its difficulties. The scrimmages are of the wildest, and through all the storm and stress the ball must be balanced. We only saw two games, but though they were contested with all the heat of a cavalry charge, only one man was unhorsed. It seems to me that this is a game which might well be introduced into England.[1]

As usual, hurry was our bane. We had to take leave of our courtly host who had done so much to entertain us, for the other Imperial Princes and Princesses were waiting for Prince Arthur at Uyéno, where Lady Macdonald had organised a charity concert.

How much rather, being at Uyéno, we should have spent the afternoon wandering through the lovely groves that contain the tombs of the Shōguns

[1] In an appendix will be found a Japanese explanatory treatise containing the rules of the game.

and so many relics of the past. With so little time to pass in Japan, it did seem a little hard to be robbed of all those hours. However, the concert itself was in its way an interesting experience.

Could it be possible? Here was an orchestra of some forty musicians, all, or nearly all, of whom (for they were not all visible from where I sat) were Japanese. All the first violins were young ladies in their native dress; one of them a daughter of the Kōda family, who had studied with the great Joachim at Berlin. The programme was of the most ambitious character, opening with the overture to *Don Giovanni*, and containing the Largo of Handel, a movement from one of Mendelssohn's symphonies, and the prelude to *Lohengrin*. The conductor was a German gentleman, Professor Junker, who has also trained a chorus, which sang two pieces very creditably. It was amazing to see these players, and equally amazing to see an audience brought up in the strictest school of Chinese music, nurtured upon koto, samisen, yokobué, or mouth organ, flute and drum, now listening with eager ears to a full band and applauding Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Wagner.

The concert came to an untimely end in an extremely characteristic fashion. At the end of the first part there came a telegram from the meteorological department saying that the gentlemen who call themselves seismologists had observed signs which led them to expect the immediate advent of an earthquake of unusual violence. The building in which we were not being deemed safe, there was an immediate break up. Happily no panic—we went, but the earthquake did not come. Curses as deep as that with which the Abbot of Rheims banned the jackdaw, the thief of the ring, fell upon that unhappy seismologist. We—forgave him.

I append a programme of the concert.

PROGRAMME

1. Orchestra (Overture to *Don Juan*) *Mozart.*
2. Song ("Song of Thanksgiving")
   Mrs. Lee Lee.
3. Orchestra (Largo) . . . *Handel.*
4. Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello
   (First Movement) . . . *Mendelssohn.*
   Prof. Dr. von Koeber, Prof. Junker and Mr. Schmid.
5. Choruses
   (*a*) Russian Folk Song (Volga).
   (*b*) Old Flemish Song.

Sketch by Mr. G. BRADY.

6. Orchestra (Prelude to *Lohengrin*) . *Wagner.*
7. Song ("Spring has Come") . . *M. Valerie White.*
Mrs. LEE LEE.

8. Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (in G. Minor) . *Mendelssohn.*
Mrs. FUEHR.

9. Orchestra (Three Dances from *Henry VIII.*) . . . *E. German.*
Conductor—Prof. A. JUNKER.

Thanks to the false prophet, we for once had a quiet hour before dressing for a dinner, at which Prince Arthur was the host, and to which all the members of the Imperial family now in Tōkyō had been invited. As soon as dinner was over we all, including the Imperial Princes and Princesses, drove off to the Kabukiza or Opera Theatre, where the business men of Tōkyō had organised a theatrical entertainment in honour of Prince Arthur and of the Nichi-Ei-Dōmei, the Anglo-Japanese alliance. This was a very brilliant affair. The decorations were quite magnificent, the flags of the two countries being, of course, conspicuous everywhere. An immense box, taking up the greater part of one of the long sides of the oblong wall, had been erected

opposite the stage for the use of the Princes and Princesses; and the body of the hall, what we should call the pit, was crowded with notable men and their wives.

The story of the play was based upon that of Will Adams, whom the Japanese call Anjin, "the Pilot," as a fitting subject for an entertainment designed to celebrate the alliance; and the second act gave an opportunity for the introduction at Anjin's marriage of a troop of the most famous geishas of the city, who performed a new dance and song composed in honour of the Wakamiya —the "young Prince." I annex translations of the story of the play, the programme of the dance, and the song made by our hosts.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN IN HONOUR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AT THE KABUKIZA, AT 9 P.M. ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1906, BY THE BUSINESS MEN OF TOKYO.

Performance

1. THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.
2. THE VENDETTA OF THE SOGA BROTHERS.
3. THE SCULPTOR'S DREAM.

Principal Actors

Shikan	Uzayemon	Matsusuke
Yaozō	Komazō	Ichizō
Baikō	Kikugoro	Kichiyemon

and others.

Shimbashi Geishas.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY AN OLD STORY

(*Specially written for the occasion by Taro Masuda, L.S.C.*)

ACT I. SCENE 1

LOCALITY—*By the sea-shore at Hemi in Sōshu.*

PERIOD—*Autumn in the year* 1609.

Autumn flowers are blooming, and between the rocks waves are seen raging. On a rock in the centre of the stage Iwai Tetsunojō, a rōnin (unattached samurai) of Osaka, stands holding the girdle of Otsū, a young girl who is gazing distractedly in the direction of the sea. Giheiji, father of Otsū, has gone to look for her brother who has been absent for many days on a fishing expedition, and the girl, fearing that her father also is in danger, was endeavouring to put out in a small boat to his rescue when the rōnin Iwai interfered. This rōnin is in love with Otsū, but being a man of bad character (one of a band by whom the people of the vicinity are much oppressed) he has been unable to obtain her father's consent to their union. He now restrains Otsū from her desperate undertaking; points out to her that a boat

managed by one weak woman could not possibly live in such a sea, and declares that the punishment of heaven has now overtaken her father for refusing her lover's suit. Otsū angrily repels him, and asks whether she could ever become the wife of a man who urges her to desert her father in his extremity. Iwai, rendered desperate by her resistance, threatens to use his sword, and is forcing her to accompany him when Anjin (Will Adams), attracted by the noise of the struggle, runs up and separates them. Iwai reviles him as a foreigner, and warns him that his life will be the cost of interference. But Anjin replies that all nations alike recognise the duty of the strong to succour the weak. Iwai attempts to cut him down, but Anjin gets the better in the struggle and Iwai flies. Anjin then, learning the cause of Otsū's trouble, leaps into the boat she had intended to use and succeeds in saving her father, who, on recovering from his swoon, tells her that all hope of her brother's life must be abandoned. Father and daughter then express profound thanks to Anjin, and, in the course of the ensuing conversation, they learn from him that if they are grieving for the loss of a son and brother, he has been nine long years lamenting his separation from his family in England, and is now rejoicing in the thought that a Dutch vessel has reached Hirado, and that he will be able to return to his country forthwith. He then insists on aiding Giheiji, who has not yet recovered from the effects of his immersion. But on the way they are attacked by a band of rōnin with Iwai at their head; Anjin is seized and bound, and although Otsū and her father offer to take his place, the rōnin carry him off.

Scene 2

Neighbourhood of the same place : Prince Tokugawa Iyéyasu approaches riding in a "norimono" (palanquin), and with a large retinue of samurai.

Giheiji runs up desperately and prostrates himself in front of the procession. He is quickly followed by Otsū, and father and daughter vie with one another in calling aloud for assistance. To present a petition direct to the Shōgun being a capital crime, Giheiji and Otsū are seized and bound by the Tokugawa chief's retinue. But on learning their errand, Iyéyasu orders their release and sends a party of samurai under Giheiji's guidance to rescue Anjin. During the absence of the samurai Iyéyasu questions Otsū, and learns from her the occasion that induced her and her father to brave death for Anjin's sake. Presently the samurai return leading Anjin, Iwai, and the latter's fellow-rōnin. Iwai, questioned by Iyéyasu, accuses Anjin of dealing in necromancy and producing supernatural effects ; but Iyéyasu replies that he himself has been Anjin's pupil in the science of Western civilisation, and that when the rōnin, without any due authorisation, subjected Anjin to indignity, they were guilty of a direct insult to the Shōgun. They are bound in ropes and led off in custody. Anjin then asks Iyéyasu as to the latter's object in visiting Hemi, and Iyéyasu replies that it is to solicit the continued presence of Anjin in Japan. He explains that after granting permission for Anjin to take passage home by the Dutch vessel, he reflected that to perpetuate the peace in which Japan was now rejoicing, her intercourse with foreign countries

must be extended, and that the assistance of Anjin would be essential for that purpose. Anjin nevertheless declares himself unable to abandon the hope of seeing his family once more, and then Iyéyasu confesses that, apprehending this difficulty, he has already sent away the Dutch ship. He declares that his first consideration must be for the good of the country which he has been trusted by the Emperor to administer, and that he is content to incur resentment if he can be conscious of having done his duty. Anjin becomes reconciled. He declares that it is the will of heaven, and he bows to Iyéyasu's frank statement that if he has subjected his foreign visitor to a hard lot, it was done because of the high esteem in which he holds Anjin's services. The Shōgun then expresses a desire to make some amends to Anjin, and suggests that as Anjin is separated from his sister, and as Otsū has just lost her brother, they should endeavour to console one another. It is finally arranged. Iyéyasu laughingly observes that a woman's hair is proverbially strong enough to bind even a big elephant, and that a Japanese girl will soften the pains of exile for Anjin. He orders that an income of 50 koku of rice shall be given to Giheiji, who, in the excess of his delight, almost forgets to express his gratitude.

Act II

The interior of the Shōgun's Castle in Yedo. Iyéyasu, Anjin, Otsū, Giheiji, several nobles (Daimyō), and a number of attendants and dancing-girls are present. The occasion is the celebration of Anjin's wedding with Otsū. A congratulatory series of couplets are uttered by

the Daimyō, each delivering a line separately until the last, when all speak in unison. Iyéyasu expresses his satisfaction that Anjin is to remain. He says that though Japan is a small country, her people mean to make her the Japan of the world, and that the ceremony of this evening shows how close East and West are after all. Anjin and Otsū perform the prescribed rite of exchanging wine-cups, and on its conclusion Iyéyasu confesses that he has still one apology to make to Anjin: the Dutch ship has not been sent away from Japan; she is still at Hirado. Does Anjin still wish to return by her? Giheiji and Otsū await Anjin's answer with much anxiety, but he declares that he will remain in Japan. The ceremony ends with a geisha dance.

(*Curtain.*)

GEISHA DANCE

(During the Second Act)

MIKUNI BURI
(A New Dance)

Miss Kiyoka — Miss Goro
„ Eirio — „ Jitsuko
Miss Hidematsu

WAKAMIYA (Young Prince) WELCOME

Miss Shori	Miss Tokuko	Miss Kumeko
„ Haruko	„ Tsuneko	„ Sekiya
„ Miyako	„ Kohan	„ Hideyo

Miss Matsuko

TRANSLATION OF WAKAMIYA (YOUNG PRINCE) WELCOME

(A new dance specially made in honour of PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT)

A young Prince came to the land of rising sun.
Chorus—Wakamiya Welcome
Yoi, Yoi, Yoiya, Sa.

He is the envoy of British Lion very very highly honoured.
Chorus—Wakamiya Welcome
Yoi, Yoi, Yoiya, Sa.

Now, the two countries unite in love for ever, and ever, and ever.
Chorus—Wakamiya Welcome
Yoi, Yoi, Yoiya, Sa.

MUSICIANS

Kiyoji	Maru	Naoji	Kōkichi
Sato	Suma	Kume	Maruko
	Wakakichi	Masuyo	

THE VENDETTA OF THE SOGA BROTHERS

TIME, A.D. 1193

PLACE—*The hunting encampment of the Shōgun Yoritomo at the southern base of Fujiyama.*

The Soga brothers, Jūrō and Gōrō, are celebrated in Japanese history as the first practical disciples of the Confucian maxim: "A son should not live under the same sky with his father's assassin." Their father had been murdered by Kudō Sukétsuné, and they determined

to take vengeance on the murderer by surprising him when he accompanied Yoritomo's hunting expedition. They achieved their purpose, but Jūrō was killed in the struggle and Yoritomo ordered Gōrō to be beheaded.

The scene discloses Fujiyama and the wild undulating country on its south-western slope. Here and there are seen rude structures erected as temporary residences of the Daimyō, a number of whom Yoritomo has invited to partake in the hunt. The Soga brothers have seized this occasion not only to wreak vengeance on the slayer of their father, but also, if possible, to kill Yoritomo at the instigation of Hōjō Tokimasa. Most conspicuous among these rude structures is that of Kudō Sukétsuné, the principal object of the Soga vengeance.

Soga Jūrō, the elder brother, and Soga Gōrō, the younger, enter stealthily to reconnoitre. A woman in night garments emerges from the building with a light. The brothers conceal themselves till she re-enters, and then creep in after her with drawn swords. A heavy storm of wind and rain is raging. At this point a party of samurai on guard make their appearance. They have been warned of the existence of something suspicious, but, being unable to discover anything, they withdraw.

Presently from the interior of the hut cries are heard of "traitors," "assassins," and the brothers run out with gestures of joy. They then resolve that as heaven has aided them so far, they will die such a death as shall render their names illustrious. They therefore raise their voices and shout: "We, Jūrō and Gōrō, sons of Kawazu Saburō, who in his day was counted as a god for strength, have taken vengeance on his murderer. Let those that

seek fame by slaying us, come on." This defiance is speedily answered. A number of samurai hasten from all directions. The brothers cut down many. Gōrō now enters in search of Yoritomo, leaving Jūrō outside.

At this point Nitta Tadatsuné, a renowned warrior of Yoritomo's party, rushes out with a glaive (naginata), and challenges Jūrō to single combat. The two men engage. After a fierce fight Jūrō's sword is struck from his hand and he stands resigned to die, but Nitta picks up the weapon and restores it to him. Finally Jūrō receives a wound in the leg and falls.

The stage now revolves and shows a corridor in the interior of Yoritomo's hunting lodge. Gōrō is seen resting for a moment, when suddenly the voice of Nitta Tadatsune is heard announcing the death of Jūrō. Desperate with grief, Gōrō now heads for the inner apartments, bent upon killing Yoritomo. But he is met by Gosho Gōrōmaru, who, though wearing a full suit of mail, has thrown over it a woman's outer garment. Gōrō, thinking he has to do with a woman, thrusts Gosho aside, but is seized from behind by the latter and ultimately overpowered.

(N.B.—*The purpose of this piece is designed to show the armour of the Japanese samurai, their way of fighting, and the weapons they used in mediæval times.*)

THE SCULPTOR'S DREAM

The scene opens on a park surrounding the residence of Count Sakuramachi.

In the distance is seen an old-style palace, and in the middle distance a profusion of flowers in bloom. Four

large rocks in the garden support platforms, on which are mounted the following statues :—

1. *Shizuka*, the celebrated Shirabyōshi (danseuse) of the Kamakura Era (about A.D. 1180).
2. *Shyūshiki*, a lady dressed in a costume of the Genroku Era (A.D. 1688).
3. *Seishōnagon*, the renowned authoress of the Imperial Court at the close of the tenth century.
4. *Omiwa*, daughter of a wealthy merchant of the Fujiwara Era.
5. *Masaoka*, a lady-in-waiting of a Daimyō's house in the Tokugawa Era.
6. *Yoshitsuné* (A.D. 1180).
7. *Benkei* (A.D. 1180).

All the above figures are dressed in the costumes and furnished with the accessories that were in fashion in their respective eras.

There now appears upon the scene Hidari Jinsai, a celebrated carver of the era, who is employed at the Art School. A number of his pupils accompany him. Jinsai tells his pupils that Count Sakuramachi is an ardent patron of art, and that he has selected fourteen of the most beautiful figures on the Japanese stage and ordered them to be sculptured with the utmost care. This work has now been achieved by the zealous assistance of the pupils of the Art School. The Count has declared himself fully satisfied. Each of the pupils makes obeisance to his master, and one of them remarks that it would be a

delightful culmination of their work if some of the figures would show their appreciation of the artist's skill by becoming sentient beings. Jinsai replies that, although instances of that kind were not wanting in ancient times, unfortunately there have been no examples in modern days, whether because art has depreciated or the gods have ceased such supernatural displays. He renews his thanks to his pupils for their able assistance, and also asks them to leave him for a time to rest in the presence of their work. Jinsai then seats himself and drops asleep. In his dreams he is visited by a heavenly messenger in the shape of a little child, who tells him that the beauty of these works has been appreciated by the gods, and that they have ordered him to carry to the artist two packets of incense which, if burned in the presence of the sculptures,—the green packet for the men, the red for the women,—each statue will become a sentient being. Jinsai awakes in great astonishment and imagines that he has seen a senseless dream, the product of his own imagination, until he observes that the two packets of incense are actually lying beside him. He then calls out excitedly to his pupils and relates the whole story to them. As they hasten in, they decide to try the experiment with the female figures first. When the red incense is burned these figures begin to dance, and then the green is burned with the same result in the case of the men. Jinsai calls out that they must extend the experiment to the other figures in the mansion, and an inner curtain rising displays the following figures :—

1. *Yoshiiyé*, the renowned Minamoto warrior at the beginning of the twelfth century.

2. A figure of a soldier dressed in the uniform of a sergeant-major of the Guards to-day.
3. *Yayoi*, a lady of the Tokugawa Era.
4. *Dōkwan*, the designer of the Yedo Castle (A.D. 1500).
5. *Tadanobu*, a warrior of the Kamakura Era (A.D. 1180).
6. *Komachi-Himé* (eighth century).

Some curious phenomena result from mistakes made in burning the incense, certain of the female figures behaving as if they were men. Ultimately all obey the fumes of the incense, and after an animated dance resume their original condition as inanimate images.

The scenery and acting were excellent—especially good being the very difficult and dignified part of Iyéyasu. Will Adams, too, was capital, his Elizabethan dress, fair wig and beard, being very realistic. The first scene, by the seashore at Hemin, was exceedingly well managed. The waves of the sea quite seemed to break upon the shore, while the trees were waving to and fro in the wind, an effect which I never saw on the European stage. The illusion was very well kept up. The second act was of great interest, because it might be taken to give a correct representation of a wedding in the house of a personage of exalted rank.

At the end of the second act we were all taken

to a great room upstairs, where supper was served, at which all the geishas appeared and played at waiting upon the guests. Their pretty little ways, their dainty movements and graceful manners were very charming; but unfortunately they still had on all the coat of paint on face and lips, which to our eyes is excessive even on the stage, but off it, at close quarters, is anything but attractive.

I take it that this entertainment, from beginning to end, must have been a novel experience to the members of the Imperial family, who for once broke through the bonds of Court etiquette. At any rate I think everybody enjoyed it, and nobody more thoroughly than the Wakamiya, "the envoy of the British Lion." The business men of Tōkyō may congratulate themselves on the success of a show got up with lavish expenditure of thought and money, of which all their guests will carry away the pleasantest and most grateful recollection. It was a pretty thought to choose for our entertainment the "première" of a piece founded on the one episode in the old history of Japan in which an Englishman could be made the hero. Let us hope that author and actors may be rewarded by a great run.

Sunday, February 25.—On Sunday, the 25th of February, the Prince, Captain Wyndham, and I drove to church. We started in good time, and it was lucky that we did so, otherwise we should have arrived after the congregation had dispersed; as it was, we came in when half the service was over, after much wandering in a wrong direction. We stopped, indeed, at one building, which had some slight resemblance to a church, but which turned out to be of quite another denomination, but we had to make many turns and many futile enquiries before we were landed in the right place. There were no churches here in my day, so I could not help. The Bishop took part in the service, and Mr. Cholmondeley, son of my old friend the Rector of Adlestrop, preached the sermon. There was a large congregation, a few of whom were Japanese. The Prince was evidently expected, for there was a huge crowd gathered together outside the church to witness both our coming and going.

The chief event of our day was a luncheon at home, to which a number of Japanese noblemen had been invited. Among them was Prince Tokugawa, the ex-Shōgun, of whom I have already written.

In the afternoon I drove with Sir Claude Macdonald to the Temple of Sengakuji, where are buried the famous forty-seven Rōnins, whose story I told long ago in the *Tales of Old Japan.*

In all truth it may be said that no story better illustrates the unwritten laws which governed the conduct of the Samurai in mediæval times than that of the forty-seven faithful men. By "mediæval times" I mean the times which preceded the great Revolution of 1868. Kataki-uchi, or the vendetta—literally "the slaying of the enemy"—was no act of vulgar revenge; it was the wiping out of an insult, the just retribution for an evil deed, and it meant self-murder as its consequence. For, although the man who failed to avenge the death or dishonour of his master or family would be branded and spurned as craven, yet would the dutiful deed of revenge be a crime in the eye of the law, to be wiped out only by death.

This is in brief what happened. An envoy from the Mikado's Court was expected in the Palace of the Shōgun. Asano Takumi no Kami, a noble of high rank, a cadet of the princely house of Geishiu, was appointed to receive him, and a courtier named Kira Kōtsuké no Suké was told off

to instruct him in the ceremonial proper to be observed. This Kira was an avaricious and corrupt man, a taker of bribes, and as my Lord Asano failed to propitiate him to his content, he heaped every imaginable insult upon him. For a while Asano bore his insolence with patience, but when at last Kira bade him tie up the latchet of his sandal for him, his long-suffering was at an end; he drew his sword and pursued and wounded his tormentor. For such an act committed within the precincts of the palace, death by his own hand was the penalty—death for himself, ruin for his family. The laws of the Shōgun's Court were even more severe than those of the Star Chamber.

Such was the outrage which Oishi Kuranosuké and his comrades after many months, during which to elude suspicion and put Kira off his guard they remained scattered and hidden, avenged in the year 1703, and for their deed they died, as brave men, by their own hands. The tragic story is full of romance and weird interest; it has been wrought into a popular play; it is familiar to every man, woman, and child in Japan; and although the vendetta may have died out with the birth of new ideas and the abolition by law of the carrying of arms, yet is the memory of these men revered

as much as ever, and their graves receive almost divine honours. To us who are separated by centuries from the chivalry and the poetry of feudal times, these things seem remote indeed; but to the Japanese, to whom they are nearer than the days of stage-coaches and blunderbusses and Hounslow Heath are to the Englishman, they are no dream of the past, but a reality, living in a new form in the spirit of patriotism and loyalty which is their dearest inheritance. It will be long before that flame dies down.

Two rather curious sidelights have been thrown upon that romantic story of the past during my present stay in Japan. Mr. Asano, who is master of the ceremonies to the Emperor, is the eldest son of the Marquis Asano, the present representative of the family of which the Lord Asano of the story was a younger member. Mr. Asano tells me that the descendant of Oishi Kuranosuké, the chief of the forty-seven Rōnins, is to this day one of his father's retainers. Oishi's eldest son, Chikara, a lad of sixteen, shared in his father's plot, and died, performing hara kiri. But the second son, being of tender years, and too young to join in his father's chivalrous exploits, was taken as a retainer by the Marquis Asano's ancestor, and his children

and children's children have remained in the family ever since. Mr. Asano promised to bring this gentleman to see me, but for some reason, to my regret, he was prevented from doing so.

The other sidelight was even stranger. At Kyōtō the Mayor gave an entertainment, of which I shall have to tell you later on. At this feast there were present all the most fashionable geishas of the town. One of these—not one of the dancers, but a musician—was introduced to me by Mr. Nagasaki as the present owner or occupant of the house in Kyōtō where Oishi Kuranosuké lived while he was hatching his plot of revenge. She is very proud of the historic fame which attaches to her house, and she was delighted when Mr. Nagasaki told her that I had translated the story of its hero for the benefit of Europeans. Had there been time I should have liked to accept her invitation to see a house to me so full of interest.

Two hundred years and more have passed away since the forty-seven men wreaked their vengeance upon the man who dishonoured and ruined their Lord, but the spot is sacred as ever, and the memory of these faithful samurai is still green. Every day men come to lay flowers and burn

incense and leave visiting cards before their graves. Poor soldiers with their humble pay, old women and young children, samurai, artisans, and peasants, all will spare a cash or two for some sweet tribute of veneration for the spirit of old Japan which burnt so fiercely in these warriors' breasts.

Not a stone's throw from the great portal of Sengakuji is Monriyōin, a little temple standing on a hillock overlooking the Bay of Yedo, where I lived so many years ago. At that time it was one of the prettiest spots in all the suburbs of the great city, and the house was as dainty as Japanese art could make it. Now it has all gone to rack and ruin. The sacred building and the graveyard are still there, but the dwelling-house attached to the temple is a mere wreck of its former self. The garden, so trim and so pretty, is all destroyed. The temple grounds have been sold or let, and the place once so gay with flowering shrubs and trees is smothered with small shops, where vegetables, dried and salted fish, cheap tea and cakes, and all the humblest necessaries of a poor neighbourhood are set out. In the squalor of these surroundings I could not recognise my former home; it was a depressing sight, from which, in melancholy mood, I turned away.

Indeed, the whole suburb of Takanawa is altered, and not for the better. Abbots and monks have parted with much of their land for building purposes, so the temples which stood in groves sacred to the gods have been shorn of much of their glory. Nor do I see that the money so acquired has been devoted to the maintenance of the holy buildings; on the contrary, they seem to me to be shabbier and less well-cared-for than they were in the olden time. Perhaps there was less wealth and more piety in those days. The tombs alone remain sacrosanct. For these the layman cares.

We were commanded to a second dinner with the Emperor this evening. It was by no means so big an affair as the State dinner of last Tuesday, very few persons besides the Imperial family having been invited; the ceremonial, however, was the same, and the banquet as magnificent, only the numbers were reduced. The Emperor himself was as gracious as ever. After dinner each one of us had a short audience of His Majesty, who seemed most anxious to know whether we had been pleased with our stay in Tōkyō. That was a question which we could indeed answer in a way that would accord with the precepts of a Chester-

field, and yet be the barest truth; for never were guests treated with so much kindness and consideration. We could honestly say that our visit had been one long chain of pleasant surprises, and it was much that we were thus able personally to express our thanks for all that, by His Majesty's commands, had been done for us. Mr. Nagasaki told me afterwards that every item of our programme had been considered and settled by the Emperor himself. The questions as to the duck-netting which he put to me showed that he knew all that we had been doing, and the interest which he took in it. As the dinner took place punctually at 6.30, it was over proportionately early, and it was not yet ten o'clock when we got back to the Kasumigaséki Palace.

Monday, February 26.—On the following morning (Monday, 26th February) the Emperor again came to visit the Prince and bid him farewell, for this was the last day of our official stay in Tōkyō. On the morrow we were to leave for a tour in the country, and on our return we should be the Emperor's guests, indeed, but in a private capacity. As before, the visit was strictly private only Mr. Nagasaki being present as interpreter, but it was of the most cordial character. Again,

on leaving, the Emperor shook hands with all of us as before; smiling and evidently pleased, he stepped into his carriage and drove off.

The day was bitterly cold, but luckily fine, for Mr. Ozaki, the Mayor of Tōkyō, had arranged for the Prince an entertainment which would have been utterly ruined had it rained or snowed. In the heart of the city, opposite the Admiralty and the Courts of Justice, and alongside of the Foreign Office, is a great space which is being converted into a public park—the Hibya Park. Here a huge temporary building, which must have cost a mint of money, had been erected for a luncheon at which several hundred people were to be present. The great hall was panelled with lacquer and festooned with cherry blossoms. Pillars, also lacquered, of which the capitals were composed of flowers in which electric lights were concealed, carried a ceiling divided off into coffers of huge palm leaves, with three great flowers in each; pendants of alternate roses and chrysanthemums served to carry more electric lights. How easily, in the hands of a European "decorator," this might have degenerated into vulgarity. Here it was all so skilfully conceived, so delicately carried out, and in such refined colouring, that it was fit

for the court of King Oberon and Queen Titania. Indeed, though I have travelled now—at intervals—from north to south, from east to west, all through these islands, never did I see aught to which the term "vulgar" or even "commonplace" could apply, save where some misguided potter or enameller has had the unhappy thought to imitate the horrors of the vulgarest European work, which, in their innocence, they take to be what we like.

All along the hall was a show which would deserve a chapter to itself. The chief professors of the mystery of flower arrangement had been invited to a competition in what is called Hako-Niwa, literally translated Box-garden. Into a porcelain dish, tray, or huge bowl was to be set forth the similitude in miniature of a beautiful landscape—a lake, with river, bridges, mountains with moraines, stone lanterns, perhaps a shrine. This was the setting for dwarf trees, pines, cypresses (retinospora), flowering cherries, plums, and peaches—not necessarily all growing, but trunks cut off in every picturesque shape, and arranged in such dainty fashion as the imagination of these landscape artists could suggest. And very exquisite it all was. For such an occasion every

man had striven to do his best, and the inspiration of the lovely goddess of Mount Fuji had descended upon all.

It was a remarkable company. Imperial princes, statesmen, generals, admirals, financiers, men of letters, dilettanti—all that is most distinguished in the capital of Japan was present. After luncheon there was a great gathering of ladies, who had come to see, from a pavilion outside, the wonderful show for which such great preparations had been made.

The first item in the programme was the representation, in the great space in front of the pavilion, of a Daimyō's Giyōretsu or procession, such as used to be seen daily on the Tōkaidō, or on any of the great roads of Japan, in the time before the restoration. Less than forty years ago! and already the Japanese, speaking of that time, use the word *Mukashi*—"in ancient days"! The very paraphernalia necessary for the procession were hard to find, and old cupboards in ancient castles, and houses in distant provinces, had to be ransacked in order to bring them to light. Even the stage management was difficult. Few men are left who have seen such a procession after they came to man's estate—none, probably, who have ever

had the direction of such a thing. When the leading men came strutting into the park several of the younger generation of Japanese, one of the Princesses in particular, turned to me and said, "You have often seen such processions in real life; is this a correct representation?" Indeed, it was very correct. First came the swaggering leaders with their hoarse cry of *Sh'ta ni iro—sh'ta ni iro!* "Be down! be down!" for as the great man passes every man, woman, and child must grovel with head bowed in the dust. Dangerous it was, indeed, to disregard the cry of these professional bullies, whose duty it was to strike terror. Then followed a number of swashbucklers, putting on airs of preternatural fierceness. A whole army of coolies was carrying luggage in baskets slung on bamboo poles; more men-at-arms, armed with great spears fringed with horsehair tufts below the blade; others carried halberds which were really swords on spear-handles. All put on the most blood-curdling expression. To them succeeded the wrestler or fencing-master by himself, and immediately after him the "norimono" or palanquin in which the great man was being carried by eight bearers; after him the master of the procession on horseback; then the physician-in-ordinary with

shaven head like a priest, ready to prescribe, apply moxa, or perform acupuncture, according to the most orthodox methods of the Chinese school. He, by the bye, was quite a puzzle to the younger Japanese, who thought he must be a priest. After them the Daimyō's horse richly caparisoned with saddle-cloth of rare fur ; then more men-at-arms, more coolies, more baggage, luncheon-box of gold lacquer, clothes, stores of all kinds, and finally a few more guards.

Well may the Japanese talk about *Mukashi.* Looked at in the Tōkyō of to-day, it is something which belongs to another age. It is as if we in England were to represent the progress of Queen Elizabeth through Warwickshire to Kenilworth to pay a visit to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

At the time of the Revolution there was issued a very clever political skit which caricatured the pomp of these Daimyō's progresses with inimitable fun. It represented a procession in which all the actors were insects. The strutting bullies in front were beetles, the coolies were wasps, the armorial bearings and spears were blades of grass and wild flowers, the great wrestler was a cricket ; the the master of the procession was an insect riding on a grasshopper, and using the antennæ as reins.

The rear was brought up by one very tiny wasp-coolie who had fallen out, and was tying up his sandal. Half-a-dozen copies of this caricature were issued, in which all the figures were cut out in coloured silks, so cleverly executed that the little insects seemed alive. The skit, in its more ordinary form, had an immense vogue, and was being sold by hundreds in Ōsaka in the year 1868.

Twice round the huge arena did the long procession stalk, and it was so arranged that the people outside—the greatest crowd that I ever saw in Japan—could have a full view of it.

After the procession, which was, as it was intended to be, the great feature of the entertainment, there came a number of performances by geishas, but for these I could not wait. I had to go and put on uniform and carry decorations from the King to several Grandees whom, for various reasons, the Prince had been unable to invest personally, so with Mr. Asano, who very kindly accompanied me, I made my escape by a back way, and thus avoided the crowd.

Two of these gentlemen were very old friends. I knew Count Inouyé first at the time of the hatching of the plots for the restoration. He was

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called Inouyé Bunda in those days, and, like his friend the famous Marquis Itō, then plain Itō Shunské, was of the Chōshiu clan. By some means the two contrived in 1864 to elude the authorities (for at that time to travel abroad was a crime punishable by death), and, working their way, came to England. Political troubles in their own country fetched them back, and they became powerful agents in the new movement. Since then both have received the reward of their merits. The Marquis Itō is, as his world-wide fame attests, the leading statesman in his country. Count Inouyé is no longer the holder of any office. But he is a man whom no Government can afford to leave out of its reckoning: he is one of the so-called "elder statesmen," and is summoned into consultation by the Emperor whenever affairs of State requiring unusual sagacity are in discussion.

Count Inouyé lives in a Japanese house in the old style, and he has enriched it with what is said to be one of the finest collections of works of art in the Empire. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and it was a real pleasure to me to be the bearer to him of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, with which he was

delighted, expressing the deepest gratitude to the King. We had met several times during the last few days, but had never had an opportunity for a long talk. Here we were free, and could chat over old days at our ease. He was very anxious that the Prince and all of us should go and dine with him. That, unfortunately, was quite impossible, every day, and indeed every hour, being appropriated.

I had to take the same decoration to Mr. Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to the Prime Minister, the Marquis Saionji.

To the brother of the latter, the Marquis Tokudaiji, I carried the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. His Excellency is now, and has been for many years, Grand Chamberlain to the Emperor. Though I cannot say that I ever knew him well, as I did Count Inouyé, he himself reminded me of our first meeting at Kyōtō in 1868. Indeed, the circumstances were not such as a man easily forgets. But in order to the right understanding of what took place in regard to the foreign relations of that time, it is necessary to make a digression—to be skipped at option.

When the treaties of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were made, they were, of course, concluded

with the Shōgun, or Tycoon as he preferred to be called, in his dealings with foreigners—for the title Shōgun simply means commander-in-chief, whereas Taī-kun (Tycoon) is a Japanese pronunciation of two Chinese words signifying great prince, and so carrying with them a flavour of royalty. There was no one else with whom the envoys could deal. True, they had heard of a mysterious Emperor called the Mikado, living in sacred seclusion at Kyōtō. But all notions about Japan were derived from the Dutch, and the nonsense which they wrote about a Spiritual and a Temporal Emperor, explaining *ignotum per ignotius*, was swallowed whole. But a few years later, when clever scholars like Satow and Aston had been at work, all these fables faded into thin air. The Shōgun's true position was realised, and the foreign ministers, at the instigation of Sir Harry Parkes, who was a very sagacious statesman, demanded the ratification of the treaties by the Mikado—until that should be obtained he justly held that they were mere waste paper. In the summer of 1866 the Shōgun Iyémochi was at Kyōtō. The moment was opportune, and a combined international squadron appeared off Hiōgō to demand the ratification. This brought the Gorōjiu, the Councillors of the

Shōgun, down from Kyōtō in a panic of terror. After much argument they agreed to procure the Imperial signature, and in due course back they came, bearers of the ratified treaties, signed and sealed by the Mikado. This was considered to be an immense diplomatic triumph; it was hailed as such in the newspapers of the day, and was actually mentioned in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament. It was not until some eighteen months later, when the present Emperor succeeded to the throne, and resumed the power which his ancestors had delegated to others, that we discovered that the whole thing was a fraud. The late Emperor had never ratified the treaties, had never even seen them; the signature and seal were a forgery of the Gorōjiu.

But in 1868 times had altered. The old Emperor was dead; the Shōgun Iyémochi was dead; the Shōgunate was abolished; the Gorōjiu had vanished. New men with new ideas were in power. The young Emperor himself showed from the first the most friendly disposition towards foreigners. His advisers, politicians drawn for the most part from the Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Tosa clans, were men who had long since convinced themselves that it was not expedient for Japan to remain in the isolation

to which her former rulers had for centuries condemned her. The treaties—pending the possibility of entering into new and more advantageous agreements—must be ratified. And what was still more important, the Emperor had agreed to receive the foreign representatives.

The day was fixed, and we all went up to Kyōtō. The British Legation took up its abode in the beautiful temple of Chi-on-in. The next morning Sir Harry Parkes, with Mr. Satow (now Sir Ernest) and myself, set out for the Gosho Sama, the Imperial Palace. We had with us a formidable escort, our own Legation guard carrying lances on horseback; a company of the 9th Regiment, with Lieutenants Bradshaw and Bruce, now Marquis of Ailesbury, and a large number of Japanese infantry. When we reached the Shimbashi Street there occurred one of those unhappy accidents by which the best designs are sometimes frustrated. A couple of ruffians—one an unfrocked priest, the other a rōnin—suddenly dashing out of a house, attacked us with their two-handed swords; Gotō Shōjirō, afterwards Count Gotō, a minister of state, and Nakai Kōzō, afterwards governor of Kyōtō, who were riding with Sir Harry Parkes, at once drew their swords in his defence. The rōnin was killed

at once by Count Gotō, but Nakai Kōzō was badly wounded in the head by the priest, who ran forward, cutting and slashing madly at all that came in his way. Thirteen men and three horses were more or less badly wounded, some very severely, before I had the luck to stop him and take him prisoner, as he rushed at me with his sword dripping blood, and his own head bleeding profusely. The street was so narrow that, what with the confusion and the shying of the horses, our men could not use their lances. The place was a shambles; the dead rōnin's head had been cut off, and our men were lying wallowing in his and their own blood. Of course all idea of going to Court was at an end for that day; we had to take our wounded men and our prisoner, the ex-priest, back to the Temple. "Sensation diplomacy, this!" Sir Harry Parkes said to me as I walked by the side of his horse.

News of what occurred soon reached the Emperor. He and all his ministers were horrified at the outrage that had been committed, and he at once sent the Marquis Tokudaiji, then Tokudaiji Dainagon, to express his personal regret to Sir Harry Parkes, together with the hope that the crime would not prevent him from making an engagement for another day. This was the

occasion of my first seeing His Excellency, and this was the story of which he reminded me. On the following day but one for the first time an English representative had an audience of His Majesty.

Nothing could have been more courteous or more sympathetic than the whole attitude of the Japanese Government in this very disagreeable affair, and Count Gotō and Mr. Nakai, now, alas! both dead, most gallantly risked their lives to save that of Sir Harry Parkes. As for the Emperor, we heard that he was profoundly mortified at this ill-starred beginning of his intercourse with foreigners. It was most unlucky. But no one was to blame. There are ruffians in every country; unfortunately, here they used to carry a deadly weapon which my friend, the late French Admiral du Petit Thouars, christened by an excellent name, "le Marteau Rasoir." In truth, it was heavy as a hammer and sharp as a razor. I always suspected that this affair had something to do with the abolition by law of the right of the Samurai to carry sword and dirk. If so, out of evil has come much good. Few changes in Japan are more remarkable than the conversion into peaceable citizens of the lower class of Samurai, in whom

the possession of arms of itself seemed to breed the microbe of broil and bloodshed.

A dinner at the German Legation in honour of the silver wedding of the Kaiser ended this day.

Tuesday, February 27.—Our official visit to Tōkyō had now come to an end, and this morning we were to start on our expedition through the country. Every item of our journey had been most carefully planned and submitted to the Emperor. Mr. Nagasaki himself had travelled over the whole ground, and left accurate instructions with officials, police, hotel-keepers, and others, to ensure the Prince's comfort. No detail, however trifling, had been neglected. The result was a reception which was quite overwhelming. It was like the triumphant progress of a conqueror who has saved his country. At every station troops were drawn up; the school children for miles round had been brought in to see the Prince; bands were playing; ladies and members of the nursing association were there; flowers and baskets of oranges were brought to the carriage, and the cheers were deafening. I think I heard "God Save the King" oftener during this mission than in the whole of the rest of my life. Wherever the train stopped we had to get out in order that

Prince Arthur might receive the generals and other distinguished persons of the neighbourhood.

Shidzuoka, where we stayed for the night, is a town of some importance. It is the capital of a province and district reputed to be the most fertile in Japan. Oranges and rice are cultivated with the greatest success, while the tea is reckoned to be almost as good as that of the famous Uji district. The temples are very fine, and contain some famous works of art. As regards manufactures there is not much to be said ; some poorish lacquer is made, but the most noted art product, though not a costly one, is the bamboo work. Baskets of the most delicate kind, playthings of many sorts, pretty little toy cottages of superfine workmanship, trifles made so deftly that one wonders how human fingers can have put them together, are all to be bought at prices which can leave but a small margin for bread-, or rather rice-winning. Then the number of people who have to share the rice when it is won ! In a small shop where I made some trifling purchases, one man fetched the wares, another showed them off, while a third looked on ; an old woman calculated the price, a girl fetched the change ; upon a deal of perhaps half-a-dozen shillings five people were employed, not to speak

of a nestful of hungry little mouths, all of which must be fed! We could see but little of the town, for the rain was pitiless. Unfortunately, too, it spoilt the elaborate illuminations and fireworks which had been prepared for the Prince.

The fame of Shidzuoka depends chiefly upon its connection with the great Shōgun Iyéyasu. Here it was that he spent his childhood; here that he retired when, weary of the affairs of State, he became Inkyō—resigned the Shōgunate to his son. In recent times it was here that the last of his descendants that held his office, Tokugawa Kéiki, dwelt in seclusion until he was restored to the favour of the Emperor. It was during those years that the ex-Shōgun wisely did so much to promote the tea industry of the neighbourhood. Finding himself surrounded by a vast number of retainers, for whose employment and welfare he could not provide, he parcelled out land for them, and established them as tea-planters; thus, as we were told, the tillers of the soil here are for the most part not the ordinary hiyakushō[1] or peasants, but Samurai, men of more or less gentle birth,

[1] Hiyaku-shō. Literally "the hundred names"; a Japanese version of the Chinese po hsing—the hundred names—*oi πολλοί*, the Plebs.

driven by stress of political weather to a lowlier life, happy, if they but know their own weal.

We were lodged at the Daitōkwan Hotel; it was my first experience of an European inn kept by a Japanese, and very comfortable it was. Our dinner was excellent. Of all the countries of the world of which I have any knowledge, none produce such good fish as England and Japan; and Shidzuoka is noted even in Japan for the excellence of its fish, of which the Amadai, a sort of sea-bream, I believe, is the king. And now I must record a compliment paid to Prince Arthur, which, so far as I know, is unique. During dinner Mr. Nagasaki apologised for the clumsiness of the waiting; as a matter of fact the clumsiness was purely imaginary, for we had noticed how charmingly and demurely the bewitching little waitresses, gliding noiselessly about the room, were filling their office—every wish was forestalled, every want anticipated. These dainty little ladies clumsy! "You see," said he, "these are not professional waitresses, but young ladies of position in the town, who have begged to be allowed to serve the dinner in honour of His Royal Highness." How to thank for such attention as this?

When the dinner, which had been served with

such touching charm, was over, we had an entertainment which reminded me of the old days when sometimes I had the chance of being invited to gatherings where I was the only European present, and when the amusements were purely Japanese. Three artists came in, and spreading out long panels of silk upon the mats, sat down with their boxes of colours and brushes, ready to dash off a picture on any theme to be set by the guests. The first subject chosen was an uguisu (bush-warbler—the Japanese nightingale) singing among the bamboos. Without a moment's hesitation, travelling over the silk with marvellous quickness, the clever fingers were at work, and in a very few minutes the first painter had produced a sketch of the greatest beauty and grace, in which every one of his bold slap-dash strokes counted for an effect; not one was superfluous. The subjects at the command of these artists are various—a mountain scene, Fuji for choice; a waterfall; pine-trees; bamboos; flowering shrubs; birds. But in the delineation of these their knowledge of form and accuracy are surprising. Then the poetic fancy with which the different members of a subject are interwoven! What a force of imagination a man must possess, and how he

must have exercised his creative power, before at a moment's notice he can think out, and as rapidly express, the theme which comes not from his own brain but from that of another man!

It used to be, probably it still is, the amusement of the scholarly Samurai, with whom beautiful handwriting was a highly-valued accomplishment, to compose poetry and, crouching on the mats like these artists, to write their compositions in giant characters on huge sheets of paper while the others looked on, and at some peculiarly happy thought, some vigorous stroke of the fudé or writing-brush, would call out "umai! umai!" —"charming! charming!" A master of this craft was the famous Marquis Kido, then a plain gentleman of the Chōshiu clan, of whom I must say more presently. I can see him now, a most attractive figure, leaning over the paper with eager eyes, while with bold brave strokes he dashed off some fanciful thought, hailed with admiration by all present. One of these impromptus he gave me; I had it mounted, and I still treasure it.

Several sketches, all dainty, each one full of the spirit of poetry, were produced by these artists, and then they packed up their paints and

brushes and retired, modestly deprecating the praise which they had so justly earned; for music and dancing were to take the place of painting, and a troop of geishas with their attendant band of samisen and koto-players, not to speak of a very active drummer—of course, a lady,—were waiting to perform a dance specially composed for the occasion in honour of Prince Arthur. We have now seen several of these specially composed pieces, and I confess that it is difficult to see in what respect they differ from the usual graceful posture-dances of the geishas. It is true that these carry fans decorated with the Union Jack where Prince Arthur is the motive, and fans alternately with the Union Jack and the national flag where the alliance is to be represented; but it would need much power of imagination to detect any special significance in the movements. In all her dances the Japanese geisha exhibits what to us seem to be the same willowy swaying of the body, the same dramatic action; yet in each case the ladies themselves professed that there was a notable peculiarity in these dedicatory dances, which set them apart from all others. Some of the girls were quite young, not more than thirteen or fourteen years

old; but even these were so well trained as to be quite able to hold their own with the older ones. It was amusing to see the conviction and solemnity with which they went through their complicated evolutions. Western girls at that age would have been laughing and giggling all the time. These children were perfectly composed and altogether absorbed in their business.

After the dance the little ladies remained for some time talking and laughing in the hall of the hotel. Then came good-night! farewell! sayōnara! the prettiest of all good-byes—sayōnara, "since it must be so." We bow to the inevitable, and go, as Mr. Pepys would have said, to bed, well contented with our day.

Wednesday, February 28.—The rain was still falling dismally when on the following morning, the 28th February, at 8.45, we left Shidzuoka on our way to Kyōtō. In spite of cold and wet a great crowd had gathered together to see us off. And so it was all along the line, a succession of welcomes, the warmth of which nothing could chill—the same shouting of Banzai; the same merry, laughing faces; the same waving of flags; the same reception of leading personages.

The railway follows a line which passes through

a most lovely country—though now not at its best. Watercourses of huge breadth, but at present almost dry, run down from the distant purple mountains, in winter all capped with snow. Arms of the sea studded with picturesque fishing-junks come almost up to the line. Rice-fields are all over the plain, but the rice is not yet tinged with green, so the fields are just now mere brown patches of sloppy mud; orange-trees are plentiful, but the camellias and plums are blossoming very lazily, for it is a late season, and the flowers dare not face the inclement weather. Volcanic action has tossed about the near hills in all manner of wild and fantastic shapes. Comfortable farmsteads are dotted about among the rocky groves. Perched on one great pinnacle is a gigantic bronze statue of Kwannon, the goddess of Mercy, and near every house is a Shintō shrine, easily recognised by its Tori-i (bird's seat), and the straw ropes knotted with paper which hang across the portal, to remind the world of the time when the Sun-goddess, in horror at the impious deeds of her "impetuous" brother, hid herself in a cave of which she barred the entrance.

In the afternoon we came upon the Biwa-ko,

the beautiful Lake of the Lute, which, as the fable runs, was formed by a great convulsion of nature at the same time that Mount Fuji was raised some 150 miles away. The shores of the lake, which takes its name from the Biwa or lute, in whose form it is fashioned, are lovely and romantic, the birthplace of as many legends of history and fairy lore as the banks of the Rhine.

When we reached the town of Otsu, where the flags were flying and the shouts of Banzai were ringing in my ears as usual, I could not help thinking of a day long years ago when Sir Ernest Satow and myself were almost by a miracle saved from coming to an untimely end in this very place.

It was in 1867. Sir Harry Parkes went for a cruise round the Islands in the *Salamis* with Sir Henry Keppel, and he took us with him. On our way back from the north we stopped at the harbour of Nanao on the west coast. Very little was known then about the provinces between Nanao and Kyōtō, and Sir Harry was anxious to have some information as to their commercial capabilities, so he sent us with orders to travel overland and join him at Ōsaka. The government of the Shōgun was at that time tottering to its fall. His people knew that any

trouble with foreigners would precipitate the catastrophe, and that there were plenty of their enemies only too eager to attack them in that way. With this fear before them they did all that lay in their power to prevent us from starting: they declared that they could not protect us, and that they could not answer for the consequences. However, we were determined to go, so they took a receipt for our bodies from the local authorities at Nanao—a form, by the bye, which was observed at every daimyō's frontier throughout the journey—and off we went. It was a most interesting expedition, and we had nearly reached our destination, when, late on the night before we were to arrive at Otsu, as we were talking of the morrow's journey, the innkeeper, a very intelligent man, suggested to us that, as we wanted commercial information, we should do well to make a little roundabout in order to see the Uji tea-district, thus avoiding Otsu. Very luckily, as it turned out, we fell in with the suggestion, for at that place a number of the hot-headed young bloods of Kyōtō, hearing that two "red-haired foreigners" were defiling the land in the neighbourhood, had come out some three hundred strong to lie in wait for us.

What a contrast to the scene of to-day!

We heard of the affair in a curious way. Mr. Satow, as he was then, had in his employment a young Samurai named Noguchi, an excellent, faithful retainer, who, I believe, would have gone through fire for his master. This man, when we reached Ōsaka, went to a tea-house for refreshment, and as he sat drinking his tea overheard in the next room, separated from him only by a thin paper screen, a conversation between some of the band and their friends in which they gave all the details of the plot, and appealed for sympathy in their disappointment.

Later the whole story was confirmed to me by Count Gotō, who, being in Kyōtō at the time, had heard of the scheme and tried in vain to stop it.

To return, however, to to-day. We reached Kyōtō at about 3.30 and drove to the Miyako Hotel, receiving by the way such an ovation as made our ears ache. But of the old "sacred" capital of the Mikados I must write later on. For to-day we had but a long drive through pelting rain and muddy streets, so of the beautiful city, whose welcome was so enthusiastic, we could see but little.

Thursday, March 1.—We had some hours in

hand this morning. I was anxious to go and see the graves of my two friends, Governor Nakai Kōzō and Marquis Kido. General Kuroki very kindly insisted on accompanying me, for both had been friends of his as well as of mine. Governor Nakai especially was a fellow-clansman, a Satsuma man. The latter and his wife lie buried in the beautiful park of the temple of Tōfukuji, south of the city, at the foot of the Eastern hills. Across a mountain torrent which runs through the temple enclosure, surrounded by a grove of bamboos, cherry-trees, maples, and pines, lie the graves, carefully tended, lovingly decked with fresh flowers in little bamboo vases, to which I added my small tribute. Poor Nakai! He was a small man, but he had the heart of a lion, and he risked his life, as I have already told, to save ours. He was one of the merriest of men, always joking, always ready with some witty thought which would set a whole company laughing. And what men they were with whom Satow and myself spent so many happy evenings in the old time — the men who helped to make the new Japan!—Kido, Komatsu, Gotō, Nakai, Térashima, Okubō, Okuma, Inouyé. Only the last two left alive to-day. I see that I have left out one

famous name—Saigo. Of him I shall have to speak when we reach Kagoshima. Back we drove from the southern suburbs through the whole length of the busy city to Kodaiji, another ancient temple founded more than a thousand years ago, and restored in her husband's honour by the widow of the mighty Hidéyoshi, the conqueror of Corea in the sixteenth century. High up above the temple, in the sacred silence of the forest-clad hills, a steep ascent leads to the tomb of the Marquis Kido. Tall and handsome, a man of singularly winning manners and sweetest temper, an accomplished scholar, he was a born leader of men. He was a Samurai of the Chōshiu clan, and one of the five or six men who were the most conspicuous figures in the great Revolution of 1868. Whom the gods love die young! but he lived long enough to see the success of his work, and to help in laying the foundations of the greatness of Japan. When I told a Japanese friend of mine that I was going to see Kido's grave, he replied: "He will be glad to see you." "Alas," said I, "he is dead, he cannot see me." "His spirit will be there," answered my friend, gravely rebuking me. If his spirit be indeed there, if he haunts the place where

his body lies, he can look down upon the great city, till so recently, during centuries upon centuries, shrouded in romantic mystery and a holy ignorance of that outer world to which it is now open, and can think triumphantly of the wondrous change in which he bore so brave a part.

Year after year the litanies of the priests will be chanted before the high altar; year after year crowds will flock to see the famous cherry-trees blossoming in the Temple gardens; year after year men will stand before the relics of Hidéyoshi and his pious widow; but the man who loves Japan will rather climb to the little enclosure on the heights, and bestow a thought upon the noble heart which ceased to beat all too soon.

As a matter of interest to the Embassy, Sir Claude Macdonald was anxious that I should identify for him the quarters which we occupied in the Temple of Chi-on-in when we went to Kyōtō for our first audience of the Mikado in 1868. I was to join him at the Temple, where I arrived just as Prince Arthur was leaving it, and the Abbot, in full canonicals, resplendent in his cope of crimson silk and gold embroidery, was standing in the great portal as I drove up. His reverence is now a very old man, but bright

and active, and he at once, with great courtesy, offered to do the honours of the place. He remembered perfectly all that occurred during those terrible days when the great State apartments of his Temple were turned into hospital wards for our poor wounded men. He also told us how to find the street in which the affair, of which I have already related the story in connection with my visit to the Marquis Tokudaiji, took place. Without that information I might, after a lapse of thirty-eight years, have had some difficulty in identifying it.

Chi-on-in, with its avenues of cherry-trees, its vast halls, its great bell, whose solemn tones had been set booming for the Prince's benefit, and all its many sacred treasures, is indeed one of the sights of Kyōtō. But to me it was full of thoughts more significant than memorial tablets of Iyéyasu or paintings by Kano Eitoku, and it was very interesting to talk over the old days with the abbot, who seemed as pleased to recall them as I was—our first arrival, and wonder at the beauty of our quarters; the brightness of our start for the Palace, and our sorrowful return bringing our wounded men and our black-browed prisoner, who became so touchingly penitent when his

wounds were tended by our kind Legation doctor, Willis; and when I carried him soup and food—"Ah!" he almost sobbed out, "if I had known how kind you foreigners are!" I can hear his voice now.

Armed with the clue given to us by his reverence, we walked straight to the place in Shimbashi Street, where the outrage took place. How vividly I could see it all! Sir Harry Parkes sitting on his horse like a statue, absolutely unmoved, and happily unhurt. There stood the calm, impassive figure, just where the Shimbashi Street runs into another street at right angles to it—a street apparently for the most part inhabited by geishas, out of one of the houses of which the two would-be murderers rushed; upon the horrors by which he was surrounded it boots not now to dwell. Sir Claude took a kodak photograph of the spot where his great predecessor was so nearly done to death. As for me, the whole scene came back to me as if the affair had happened yesterday; but it is all ancient history now, and who cares?

The next morning the Japanese papers were full of our visit to the Temple and Shimbashi Street, telling the old story over again, and making special mention of Sir Claude's photograph.

We left Kyōtō at 1.30 for Shimonoséki. The towns of Ōsaka and Kōbe vied with one another in their demonstrations of welcome, and even at the stations through which the train passed long after dark, the Prince was greeted with illuminations of lanterns decorated with the two flags. The candles were the only change.

Friday, March 2.—Punctually at 6.30 A.M. the train landed us at Shimonoséki, after a most comfortable journey. We had a special train and a carriage which had been built for the Crown Prince. Nothing that ingenuity could suggest had been wanting. The hotel was prepared to receive us, and an excellent breakfast ready. At 8.30 we walked to the jetty, where some thousands of people were standing, and where a regiment of girls was marching in fours to serenade the Prince with "God Save the King." A little steamer carried us across the straits, crowded with steamers, junks, and fishing-boats, to Moji, where, at the railway station, there was again a great concourse. The Japanese ladies in especial had mustered in full force, all eager to give their cards to the Prince. This ended in a general *mêlée*, with Prince Arthur in fits of laughter in the centre, surrounded by a whole bevy of pretty little dames,

all smiling and giggling and chattering, pushing one another out of the way, elbowing, squeezing, almost fighting, all good-humoured and full of fun, all scrambling for the pleasure of—putting a card into his hand. The urgencies of railway travelling alone saved the Prince from being torn in pieces. Rescue came in time.

We were soon rolling through the beautiful island of Kiushiu—"the nine countries," for that is its name, owing to the nine territories of which it is composed, each ruled in the old days by their respective Daimyōs, of whom the Shimadzu family, Lords of Satsuma, or Sasshu, was the most important. I am bankrupt of epithets, and have none left wherewith to describe the charms of Kiushiu. Its rocks are almost all volcanic, and have apparently been tossed about by Nature in one of her weirdest, maddest moods. The result is a succession of the most fantastic scenes that imagination can picture. Yet is there nothing terrible about it. There are no great storm-blasted crags suggesting Walpurgis nights or witches' Sabbaths. The forms of the mountains, hills, and knolls are quaint, surprising, unexpected; but they are so generously clad with a vegetation to which the Southern climate

has added great variety, the little homesteads are so dainty and cosy-looking, that it all suggests the fairy's wand rather than the work of fire and demon. One hardly expects to see the ordinary worker step out into the fields, hoe in hand, from one of those choice little thatched houses. Rather should it be Inari Sama himself, the god of farming, or some Heavenly Being, waving her lovely hand over the crops, and so charming them into growth by the magic of her divine power, not forcing them by labour and the roughness of toil.

Travelling through this enchanted landscape we reach Sasébo, where there is a naval arsenal. The harbour is landlocked, with no visible outlet, hemmed in on all sides by hills and islands, against which the blue waters of the bay on a day like this break gently in a soft frill of silver foam. We were received by the Commandant and a brilliant staff of naval officers, who gave us tea and entertained us most kindly. The afternoon was wearing on, and the place was very muddy, owing to the late rains, so we contented ourselves with steaming about the harbour. Here we saw the *Retvisan*, one of the warships raised at Port Arthur—a mere ghost of a ship, so cruelly wounded by the fierce howitzer fire from the famous 203

Metre Hill that it will take some two years of work before she can again be commissioned. But the saddest sight of all was the *Mikasa*, Admiral Tōgō's flagship. It must have been indeed bitter to him when he saw her there, lying sunk in deep water, and when he thought of the three hundred braves, spared in the great battle only to meet a cruel death by an accident in peaceful home waters. She will be raised; as to that the Japanese have no doubts; but it is a tough job, and will take a long time.

When we had seen all that there was to be seen we steamed to the *Diadem*, which Captain Savory had brought round from Yokohama to carry us to Kagoshima, and afterwards through the Inland Sea. Admiral Kataoka's squadron was there too, and was to escort the Prince on the voyage. Threading our way through the intricate maze of the islands, attended by the five great stately ships and by a flotilla of fifteen torpedo boats, we left Sasébo. It was an imposing sight when at dusk the flotilla of smaller vessels left us, and we steamed out into the night, with the lights of the Japanese warships following in solemn procession in our wake.

Saturday, March 3.—When we woke at early

dawn we were at Kagoshima. The morning broke bright and fair. On our left was the Kaémon Daké, a volcano so shaped as to be a miniature Fuji, indeed called the Fuji of Satsuma; in front of us the town lying under a hill; in the distance Mount Kirishima, the mountain upon which the god, the descendant of the Sun Goddess, Amatérasu no Mikoto, came down upon earth—a volcanic range, now covered with snow, and sparkling with myriad jewels in the morning sun, one of those mountains with which all over the world the divine legend is connected—Ararat, Sinai, Olympus, Ida, Fuji, Parasnath, and how many more? The bay, bright as the distant hills, studded with islets, some no bigger than rocks, all bearing their little groves of quaint-shaped pines. This is the scene into which, amid the booming of great guns and the fluttering of flags, we landed from the big ship, a scene hardly to be matched, certainly not to be surpassed.

Prince Shimadzu, a handsome young man of nineteen, was waiting to greet Prince Arthur at his landing. Now a cadet in the naval school, he expects to leave in about a year, when he will come out as a full-blown midshipman, for in Japan the years of preliminary training before

going to sea are longer than with us. If the ancient order of things still existed he, as head of the house of Shimadzu, would be a great Daimyō, Prince of Satsuma, suzerain of the Liu Kiu Islands —almost a king. Great potentates were these Lords of Satsuma in the olden time, by far the most powerful Daimyōs in Japan. The Maédas, Princes of Kaga, were richer, but in influence Satsuma was paramount. The Chōshiu clan came next. But the Satsuma men were from all time warriors, the Chōshiu men politicians. One of the proudest acts of any Prince of Satsuma was the claim of the then Daimyō in 1867 to a separate space in the great Exhibition of Paris in that year, a terrible blow to the Shōgun's government. A certain Comte de Montblanc appeared as his agent, and demanded the concession for *le Roi de Satsuma*, and it was accorded. When in the following year the revolution came, it was the men of Satsuma and Chōshiu, helped by the fierce warriors of Tosa, who were mainly instrumental in destroying the power of the Shōgun and restoring the rule of the Mikado. Then in 1877 followed the great Satsuma rebellion—some say that it was the Corean question, some the dissatisfaction which was felt at the too rapid introduction of Western

methods, that made the great Saigo—the commander-in-chief of the Emperor's army—draw the sword against his Sovereign. Be that as it may, the rebellion took some nine months to quell, and it was not until he had made his last stand in the mountain opposite to us, when the last shot had been fired, that Saigo, wounded and desperate, performed harakiri with his faithful braves, and the rebellion was at an end. When his body was discovered the head was missing. It had been cut off by one of his friends and hastily buried, but it was soon found, covered with mud. It was fitted to the body, and proved to be his. Then the Emperor's commander took it, and piously washing it with his own hands, caused the remains to be interred with great honour. Saigo had been his friend and comrade in arms in the old days. He had died the death of a Samurai. Japanese chivalry wars not with the dead. In further proof of this generous feeling, Saigo Takamori was forgiven, posthumous honours were conferred upon him, and a statue in his honour was erected at Tōkyō. Such a Sovereign is the Emperor Mutsuhito.

For the right understanding of all that occurred during our short stay in Kagoshima, it was neces-

sary, however briefly, to tell the story of Saigo Takamori.

Great was the excitement at Prince Arthur's visit. It was said, I know not with what truth, that the guns had never been fired from the forts for a British ship since the bombardment by Admiral Kuper in 1863, when the firing was *at* the ships, not in their honour. It was reckoned that a million of persons were lining the road and enthusiastically cheering the Prince between the port and Iso, the residence of Prince Shimadzu. Trains upon trains had been running to bring in the great gathering and the 25,000 children from every part of the island. The addresses were very remarkable documents. One was from the Governor of the province, the other from the Mayor on behalf of the prefecture. Both alluded to the bombardment of Kagoshima as having been largely instrumental in bringing about the reformation—if I may use the word—in Japan. It had showed them that no country could hope in these days to stand alone. If a country was to prosper it must be by entering the society of nations : that was the gist of the addresses. When the cause of the bombardment is remembered—the exaction of a penalty for the murder of Mr.

Richardson in 1862 for getting into the way of the procession of Shimadzu Saburō, the Inkyō or retired Prince of Satsuma, on the Tōkaidō—it will be confessed that these addresses were significant not only as an expression of satisfaction with the present order of things, but also as marking disapprobation of the past.

For two miles along the picturesque road by the sea we drove in jinrikishas to the young Prince's country house at Iso. Thither he had preceded us, and there he received us with all the courtesy and grace of a Japanese nobleman of the old school.

It will readily be believed, when the stately position and great wealth of the Princes of Satsuma is remembered, that their villa by the sea must be something altogether exceptional: and so it is. Some two hundred and fifty years ago the site was chosen as being one of the most romantic, even in this island of fairy scenery. But let us take the Japanese account of it. "It stood at the foot of a lofty precipice with a fine prospect in front, while behind and around it was a forest of grand old trees, with fantastic boulders showing here and there among the intersections of their wide-spreading boughs. Known at first as the Cave of

Sengan, on account of the resemblance to Sengan in China, the place was, after the erection of the villa, called the Park or Garden of Sengan. Eight years later the villa was rebuilt.

"In the course of the banquet given to celebrate the completion of the work, a pair of cranes swooped down from the eastern sky, and after feeding in the yard for some little time took their perch upon the roof. This was the best of omens, for in Japan the crane is the emblem of longevity. So the villa was named Ki-kwaku-tei, the pavilion of the happy cranes. Since then it continued for generations to be the country residence of the Shimadzu family, but Tadayoshi, father of the present Prince, rebuilt and enlarged the place as a permanent residence."

The garden has been laid out with great science and taste. Water there is in plenty, falling in natural cascades from the hill-side, and forming rock-girt pools in which varieties of fish disport themselves. The stone lanterns, which form such a feature in every Japanese garden, are of the quaintest shapes, the stones—huge rocks, each selected for some special beauty, some accidental resemblance in shape to a tortoise, a bird, or what not?—are the finest which I have seen. The

flowering shrubs, just waiting for the first breath of spring to coax them into blossom, are all of the choicest kinds. The verandah of the house, the paper shutters of which are pushed open, showing the white mats and golden screens, masterpieces of ancient art, is lined with dwarf trees in pots. Over the parapet of the garden is a glorious view of the bay and its islands, with little white-sailed boats, like sea-birds, playing about round the black hulls of the six great warships which mount a stately guard over our Prince.

Truly an entrancing spot, where a man might rest and dream away his life, far from the cares and labours of statecraft.

One cannot help admiring the patriotism and public spirit of the young Prince, who to all this beauty and luxury prefers the black broth of Sparta and the hard life of the naval cadet's school.

After luncheon we went to the Town Hall, where there was a great show of fine old armour. The care with which these relics of the past have been kept all over the country is remarkable ; not only the lacquered plates of the surcoats and helmets, but even the elaborately plaited silk-work with which they were fastened together look as new and fresh as if they had left the armourer's

hands yesterday. The swords, the special objects of veneration to the Samurai, are kept bright and unsoiled by so much as a speck of rust—the blades are most carefully wiped with a paper made on purpose, then they are oiled and a peculiar powder is dusted over them, after which they are again wiped and put aside. This is done at least once in every two months. To our no small embarrassment the Governor and the prefecture had prepared presents for us of the "meibutsu" or special products of the country. It is a pretty fashion this of present giving, and one of the graceful customs of Japan. But the traveller who can offer nothing in return feels abashed by the kindness of his hosts, who have already done so much to make him welcome. Indeed, how can he make any return for the gifts of a Corporation?

There is in Kagoshima an old custom—peculiar to the clan and nowhere else to be seen—a military celebration now three centuries old, which is known as the procession to the Temple of Miyoyenji. Once a year the Samurai of Satsuma with their children, all, old and young, clad in the ancient armour, suits of which even for the smallest are hereditary in their families, march in solemn state to the Temple, twelve miles

away, where lies buried Shimadzu Yoshihito, a chieftain of the family who performed prodigies of valour at the great battle of Sékigahara, the fight which plated Japan finally under the rule of the Tokugawa Shōguns. He fought on the losing side, but he was a mighty brave. That is enough for the men of Satsuma, who revere his memory to this day. Once a year, then, this festival is held in his honour, and the Samurai piously spend the night in the Temple. It is like the vigils of the knights of old in our Western Chivalry.

In a great plain outside the town a display had been got up for Prince Arthur, and the first item in the programme was a rehearsal of this procession. Very strange it was to see the faces of the little children, grave and full of conviction, as they marched past in their little panoplies. Then came the grown-up warriors, grim and fierce-looking, but not more stately than the Liliputians who had preceded them. This procession to the sacred goal fosters and keeps alive in the most martial clan of Japan that warlike spirit which has produced such remarkable men—Saigo, Ōyama, Kuroki, Tōgō, and many others, are all Satsuma names. The clan is proud of its great soldiers and sailors, past and present, and it is heedful that

there shall be no falling off in the future. After the procession there was a fine show of fencing with wooden swords; first a general *mêlée* of two sides, red and white, a fierce engagement in which hard knocks were given and taken, followed by single combats between specially-skilled swordsmen—a most exciting exhibition. Then followed a war-dance with swords, executed by girls, who played their parts with as much dignity and sense of its importance as the men. In this way are trained the mothers of Satsuma warriors who are yet to be. This was altogether a most striking performance, the complicated evolutions being executed with an accuracy and grace which could not be surpassed. The last performance was a quarter-staff dance (Bō odori). This is altogether a religious ceremony, executed by farmers to propitiate the gods and ensure a prosperous harvest. The dancers are dressed in a surcoat, each with his crest upon it, for even the humblest peasant in Japan has his crest or badge. Round their heads are tied white napkins, mittens of blue cloth protect their hands, on their feet they wear white socks, and a cord with which their long sleeves are tied back completes their costume. In their hands some carry a pole six feet long, others a

sickle or a halberd. One of the dancers is the leader, and gives his commands by waving a spear, which he afterwards sticks in the ground, and then, all in chorus, accompanied by drum and flute, sing songs, of which one has been translated as follows by a Japanese gentleman :—

> The river runs in front of the hill
> On which the castle stands.
> Like that river and like that hill
> For ages may our master reign.
> Gods send forth rain to cleanse the earth
> To welcome our sire's return.

The Satsuma men are careful to point out that even the farmers' dance is tinged with the military spirit, for they, too, must be ready if their country needs them. Verily, this is a race of warriors! and in Satsuma one is penetrated with a sense of the martial character of the spirit of old Japan.

It was a fine sight at night to look out upon the bay. The ships were illuminated and fireworks were being let off; lights were twinkling in the distance among the islands, whose outlines, feathered with trees, stood out against the starlit sky.

After dinner we had a performance by children of notables of the town dressed up as the Seven Gods of Fortune. Very cleverly they went through their dances. One little fellow, a little

creature not more than seven years old, I should think, represented Hotei, the fat god of luck, with a Falstaffian stomach. That child is a real little comedian, full of drollery, and ought to grow into a first-rate actor. He raised shouts of laughter all over the room, but he himself remained as grave as a bishop. I believe, by the bye, that he was a girl.

To the children succeeded a performance on the koto or harp, and the Satsuma biwa or lute; the latter an instrument peculiar to the province which I had never heard before; and when that came to an end there walked into the room an elderly man who, after bowing profoundly, proceeded, accompanying himself on the biwa, to chant the story of Murakami, a hero who, to save his chief when he was sorely pressed by his enemies, put on his master's clothes and armour and so died in his stead. This is one of those poems which stir to the inmost depths of his heart the Japanese listener. The grimmest warriors cannot hear it unmoved, and tears may be seen rolling down the furrowed cheeks of men from whom sword and shell and shot, the fury of the hottest fire, could draw nothing but a defiant cry of "Banzai!" It is very melancholy, very tragic; first comes a

prelude, then a few words in recitative, then more music, and so in successive sobs, interspersed with the sad strain of the biwa, the harrowing story is sung. It is a wail, a dirge, with a tear in every note of it.

As I lay on the mats that night with a warm Japanese quilt over me it was very like old times —and yet so unlike! Here in the very sanctuary of the great Shimadzu Saburō, a name at the sound of which forty years ago Europeans trembled, a party of Englishmen were being hospitably entertained and receiving a welcome such as has seldom been accorded to any man in any place. And then people continue to ask the eternal question, "Is the country much changed since your day?"

Sunday, March 4.—The following morning I got up in good time and wandered through the pretty garden admiring all its curiosities and quaint conceits. Admiral Tōgō and General Kuroki were also afoot early, so we had some talk before it was time to be off again sight-seeing. Close by the villa in the bay were a number of fishermen waiting to draw in a seine for our amusement, but, barring the picturesque appearance of these brown-legged men with their straw

headgear shaped like cocked hats, the fishing did not differ in any way from that to be seen elsewhere. They made a goodly haul of fish, however, and were pleased at showing off their sport.

The first event on the programme of the day was a visit to the tombs of General Saigo and his braves, who lie buried in the high grounds of a temple overlooking the sea. On the left-hand side is a little covered building containing a statue of the great man and numerous relics, among others a characteristic picture relating to the days when for a while he retired from public affairs to his farm. Three statesmen have come all the way from the capital to consult him on some knotty problem, for his wisdom is proverbial. They are seated on the verandah of the cottage; he, carrying a hoe in his hand, for he has been freshly summoned from the field, is expounding his views to them. It is the story of Cincinnatus over again. We all paid our respects to the grave, and I left a few flowers there, for I had known the great General well. Many well-known names are among the graves by which his is surrounded—names of men all of whom fell with him. Admiral Tōgō pointed out to me the tomb of his brother. He himself was in England studying at the time

of the rebellion, otherwise he, too, would probably have been lying there. It might have made some difference in the history of his country!

This is a very sacred spot, so a photographer had been commissioned to take a group commemorating the visit of an English Prince to the great soldier's grave.

First the grave, then the birthplace of the General. It was rather reversing the natural order of things, but both places are held in veneration, and both were to be shown to us. At the birthplace we were all asked to plant trees, as were Admiral Tōgō and General Kuroki. The same ceremony took place at the birthplace of another famous man of the clan, Okubō Toshimichi, who was murdered in Tōkyō when on his way to the Palace in the spring of 1878. Some men, whose judgment is to be respected, look upon him as the ablest statesman whom the troublous times of 1868 produced. His name is great in Satsuma. It was said, quite falsely, I believe, that he had flicked aside with his cane the veil of the temple at Isé. This was the cause of his murder by fanatics, who resented what they took for an act of sacrilege. The murderers were executed, but the people were on their side, and gave them

almost divine honours. Yet men say that there is no feeling for religion among the Japanese!

Whether our jinrikisha men were less nimble than those of the rest of our party, I know not, but in some way or another Admiral Tōgō, Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, and myself got separated from the others, and this resulted in what was to me, and also, I think, to the General, the proudest incident in our expedition. The place where the great Admiral was born is now a girls' school. The house itself is pulled down, but the site where it stood in the courtyard of the school is marked, in the unpretentious Japanese fashion, by a simple stone with a modest inscription in Chinese characters. It was known that the famous Tōgō was in the town, and preparations had been made for him, and possibly others, to plant a tree on the spot. So at his request we went with him. No sooner did our little carriages appear than the martial-minded maidens rushed out to acclaim their hero. Never had man a sweeter welcome. And when the tree was planted, down went the girls on their knees scraping the earth round it, and smoothing it with their pretty little hands. Then must the General and myself, as Tōgō so willed it, each plant a tree, with the same eager

assistance, the charming girls swarming round us and holding up the skirts of our long greatcoats lest they should be soiled. I have planted many trees in my life, never one which gave me such pleasure and pride. When we left, the girls all flocked round the Admiral again, and almost worshipped him. Remember we were in Satsuma!

At a great sort of bazaar where specimens of the chief products of the province had been brought together we joined our party. Here we were able to make some few purchases. Some of the modern Satsuma ware is really beautiful; indeed, much of the potters' work is even better than it was of yore. It is such a pity that they do not keep to their own beautiful models. There were some imitations of certain European factories for which it is difficult to find adequately ugly epithets. I have alluded to this before; my excuse for returning to the charge here is that this is a centre where most lovely work has been produced in the past, and is still being produced in the present. It is tantalising that these clever craftsmen should waste time and ingenuity upon degrading an art which they have raised so high.

Back to the pavilion of the Happy Cranes. There, at least, all is lovely, all is harmonious.

After luncheon there was a little concert, followed by the tea-ceremony with its intricate courtesies, of which I have already written. The concert opened with an altogether novel feature, "God Save the King," played by ladies on four kotos, in unison, of course, for the music of Japan ignores harmonies. This was indeed a "first performance."

But our delightful visit was at an end; we had to say goodbye to Kagoshima. In the garden there were a number of ladies of the clan, to whom we bade a most ceremonious farewell. The Governor, the Mayor, and other officials accompanied us to the harbour, but Prince Shimadzu came with us, for there was a spare cabin on board the *Diadem*, and Prince Arthur had had the happy thought to invite him to take advantage of it.

One thing struck me during our visit. It is the fashion among European officials in Japan to say that no rank now counts in Japan save only that which comes from official position. That is absolute nonsense. Nobody who saw the way in which Prince Shimadzu—according to that theory a mere naval cadet and nothing more—was treated by the veterans of his clan, men, like Tōgō and Kuroki, of world-wide fame, could fail to see that

the old feudal spirit, the reverence for the chieftain, is not dead, and that the Prince is still the Prince, the Lord of Satsuma. If his manner with them was perfect and most deferential, theirs with him was no less so, and one could not help feeling that Shimadzu is still a name to conjure with. Long may it remain so!

When we were about to leave Kagoshima one of the leading men came to Prince Arthur and asked him to put on uniform, in order that the people might be sure of identifying him. Besides, he said, the people here are all born soldiers, and they love anything in the shape of military display. The Prince felt that, after all the kindness which he had received, this was but a small favour to grant, and he also was glad to have the opportunity of showing the decoration which he had received from the Emperor, and of which he was so proud. The Satsuma men cheered before; they roared now!

Darkness was coming on—an active volcano was beginning to glow as we steamed out of the labyrinth of islands and left the birthplace of heroes, followed always by the five great ships. When the night fell the Villa of the Happy Cranes was still a white speck far away in the distance.

Monday, March 5. — Every one who collects old lacquer, drawings on silk, or other Japanese works of art, has somewhere in his possession a view of a lovely island with a shrine embowered in a grove of trees, while its chief portal, a Tori-i of camphor-wood, planted out into the sea some distance from the shore, is being washed by the rippling of the tide. That is Miyajima, the Shrine-Island, where next day we anchored. The date of the shrine, which is pure Shintō, is really unknown; it is a matter of tradition, for all its archives and muniments were burnt centuries ago. Very old it is beyond all doubt, and the object of the pious care of emperors and nobles from the earliest days, a spot made beautiful by nature, hallowed by the worship of more than a thousand years.

One strange *religio loci*, not, so far as I know, to be matched anywhere else, is still respected here. Neither birth nor death may take place in the sacred island. Fate, to be sure, will sometimes interfere in both cases. Then great and long and solemn are the purifications which are insisted upon. Should a babe be born before its time, the poor mother is at once ferried across to the mainland, where for thirty days she remains

impure. Should a sudden death occur, the corpse must be buried elsewhere, and the mourners are forced to undergo lustrations for fifty days, during which they may not return. There is yet a third rule which proscribes all dogs. In this way is kept clean and undefiled the holy shrine of the three heavenly princesses, daughters of the turbulent God Susa-no-ō no Mikoto.

It was wretched weather when we came to Miyajima. The rain was falling in torrents; rocks and trees and the sacred buildings standing out in the sea at high tide were all dripping dismally, robbing the divine island of so much of its charm that it hardly seemed fit to rank as one of the Go San Kei, "*the* three sights" of the Empire. One could only guess at what it must be on a fine day in spring, summer, or autumn, if in a land of so many beauties this holds pride of place as one of "the three." Would that we had seen it in better circumstances! Waterproofs and umbrellas mar the finest scene.

We were to have dined on board the *Manchu Maru* this evening. But the rain turned to snow, which came down furiously. There was a strong wind and the sea got up—altogether a most unpleasant state of things for evening dress and

gadding about in boats; so the dinner-party was put off, and we remained snugly on board the *Diadem*.

Tuesday, March 6.—It was still snowing when I woke up on Tuesday, the 6th of March. The cold was bitter. However, the weather cleared by ten o'clock, and we were able to make the most of an excursion to the Naval College at Etajima, an island about four miles from the harbour of Kuré. It is not for any one who is not an expert to express an opinion as to such an establishment. To me it all seemed very amazing. Assiduous teachers were lecturing on mysterious hieroglyphics chalked upon black-boards. Eagerness was written on the faces of the students. Models of ships, and of every conceivable member of every ship, appeared to be of the greatest accuracy. The whole anatomy of a war vessel was laid bare, every artery that causes its pulses to beat was exposed. Personally, I should have understood as much at the museum of a college of surgeons. In the uninstructed mind these things arouse wonder, but they excite none of those nerves which are in communication with the brain-cells of intelligence. One thing, however, the most humbly ignorant could set a value upon, and that was the

marvellous physical training by which every one of these lads is developed into a finished athlete. This was not a case of X and Y and Z; it was something which would appeal to any one who has gone through the only serious curriculum of our own public schools. No finer exhibition of athletic skill could be conceived than the jujutsu as it is expounded in the naval academy at Etajima. The jujutsu system is now so well known everywhere that there is no need to give any description of it. Suffice it to say that these young men gave an exhibition which would have satisfied the most exacting judge. How they tussled; how they threw one another over their heads; with what imperturbable good-humour they took their falls! I had some talk afterwards with the chief professor. When I first looked at him I fancied in my innocence that perhaps he paid a little more attention to the training of his pupils than to his own, and that he might be just a little inclined to fat. Fat! He allowed me to feel his arms, legs, and chest. There was not an ounce of spare flesh upon him. All was hard, solid muscle. A Hercules of about 5 feet 4 inches, almost as broad as he was long.

Next came the fencing with the two-handed

wooden swords. First a *mêlée*, then a set-to in pairs. Very stately, very solemn is the salute as the two opponents, sitting down upon their heels opposite one another, bow their heads to the ground. Then, springing up, they face one another and the bout begins. It is rather hard to say exactly upon what the victory rests, for as they attack, uttering fierce cries and yells, many a blow is given which, if the sword were one of the heavy razor-sharp blades, would drink the life's blood of the adversary. But the umpire admits it not. Upon rules, which doubtless are as strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians, but of which we have no inkling, he decides. Then the two duellists sit down again, and after once more gravely saluting, retire.

Ordinary drill is, of course, part of the teaching, and very admirable it is. But I think that the most interesting, because the most novel, of the physical exercises that we saw was the game of Bô Taoshi, "the overturning of the pole."

Two companies of young men, the red side and the white, each some two hundred strong, march on to the ground in fours and form up at about a hundred yards' distance from one another. At a given signal a number of the

stoutest of these lads form into a close group, and on to their shoulders climbs a champion bearing a pole with a flag of the colour of his side. There he stands firm on his bearers as on a rock. At another signal there is a rush of the free men on either side, the whites struggling to pull down the champion red flag, the reds equally straining for the white flag. Most fierce is the onslaught, most determined the defence. Time after time, on either side, is the living stronghold stormed and escaladed, time after time is the wave of assailants beaten back. Doughty deeds are done by red and by white; pushing, scrambling, wrestling, the assault on both flags is fierce and furious; blows rain unheeded upon heads and cheeks and shoulders. Many a tough fighter bites the dust, but he is up again in a trice, more eager than ever for the fray. At last the white champion is evidently in difficulties. His bearers are no longer so steady; the flag is seen to waver; a determined rush of the reds is followed by a mighty cheer. The white champion totters; he cannot keep his balance; a red hero makes a last dashing charge; the white flag is torn down; the game is won, and a great shout proclaims the victory of the reds.

A capital game, but not one to be encouraged save among young men who are as well trained in courtesy as in athletics. To-day hard blows were given and taken; the contest was no milk-and-water affair, but there was no loss of temper, no angry word was spoken, and when the game was over the fine young fellows marched off again in fours to meet presently at mess, doubtless also to discuss the game, but in all good-fellowship and comradeship. The famous Hirosé, the hero of Port Arthur, was the champion player of his day. He once broke his foot in the game, and was terribly hurt.

At Etajima we again saw young Prince Shimadzu, who had left the *Diadem* the day before in order to rejoin the academy. We also saw a son of Prince Arisugawa who is bent on following his father's old profession, the Navy.

There are altogether some five hundred students in the naval academy, which must be most economically managed, for we were told that the cost of each cadet to the country is only £27 : 10s. a year. As, I think, I mentioned before, they do not go to sea before the age of twenty or twenty-one, so long and so arduous is the preparatory course of study.

At Etajima we embarked on board the *Manchu Maru*, which was to take us to the arsenal at Kuré.

The *Manchu Maru*, which is being used as an Admiralty yacht, was taken from the Russians in the port of Nagasaki at the beginning of the war. She is a most comfortable vessel, fitted with every luxury that ingenuity could devise; above all she is warmed throughout, and that to us meant a great deal, for the *Diadem*, with all her merits, is not a warm ship. Strange is the irony of fate. Here was a vessel, once Russian, now Japanese, to-day, in compliment to the Prince, flying the royal standard of England at the main!

Kuré is another great arsenal and dockyard, active, busy, swarming with men, deafening with machinery and the clang of iron. Two cruisers are being built here, and preparations are being made for the setting up upon the stocks of another great battleship of 19,000 tons, sister ship to the *Satsuma*, which, as you will remember, is being built at Yokosuka. Here, too, are in harbour the two *Orels*, the one a man-of-war, the other a merchant vessel, more of Admiral Tōgō's captures. The *Orel* seems to have made a famous fight of it, for it was not until three

hundred men had been killed on board that she was conquered. I have already described the torpedo boat which lay on her deck and was shattered into a mere heap of old iron, now lying on shore at Yokosuka. Here on the wharf we saw the plates of a defended gun. One shell struck the defence and made a deep indentation, but the concussion killed every man inside it. As for the ship herself, she is a most piteous sight, riddled with holes and bared of all paint, yet even she, poor old cripple as she was, had been dressed in honour of Prince Arthur's visit like the other ships. She must have been a stately beauty in her day!

Sir Edward Seymour noted that in the captured ships that we saw, the damage done by horizontal fire was mostly at or above the main deck, and aloft against funnels and masts. At Port Arthur, the shells from the high-angle howitzer fire, plunging down through the upper decks, pierced the several decks and did considerable mischief below.

At any rate the horizontal fire did damage enough, when one comes to think of it; for of the thirty-eight ships which Admiral Rojdestwensky commanded in the battle of the sea of

Japan, only two escaped; the rest either sank or were captured, or interned.

A pretty busy day, ending with a dinner on board the *Manchu Maru* with Admirals Tōgō and Kataoka, and our other Japanese friends.

Wednesday, March 7.—On the following morning, Wednesday the 7th of March, we landed at the port of Ujina, which we found gaily decorated with quite a holiday appearance, partly perhaps in honour of Prince Arthur, but I suspect still more in honour of the brave soldiers coming home from the war in Manchuria. Triumphant arches there were with the word Welcome upon them in great letters, but that was an after-thought, a way of killing two birds with one stone. There were two or three transports full of these happy warriors, now, after so many sufferings and such long trials, in sight of their homes. They all looked radiant, as well they might, though many of them will have sad stories to tell to the relatives of others who have been less fortunate than themselves.

We went ashore and travelled for some three or four miles to Hiroshima, where we were to see a sham fight, of which Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny has kindly furnished me with the accompanying notes.

"Owing to the season and to the fact that the great body of the troops were passing through the country to their garrisons and homes from Manchuria, military operations on a large scale were not carried out. We saw much of the army as it were *at home*, in the garrisons we passed through, on the railway, in trains, disembarking at Ujina fresh from Manchuria; and in addition a small-scale operation was carried out under our observation at Hiroshima, with part of the Fifth Division under Lieutenant-General Higoshi. The line of our approach, some three miles from Ujina, was partly lined with troops of all arms. There were about 2000 men, mostly last December's recruits. It was difficult to believe that these sturdy soldiers had only joined the colours in December last: all well-grown, healthy, broad-chested men; average height 5 feet 4 inches, or 5 feet 5 inches. Their clothes and appointments were warm and well-fitted; they handled their arms with the skill of old soldiers, and they stood at the present as His Royal Highness passed along the line as steady as rocks. The small field-day took the form of two companies at war strength holding a position against an attack of three companies supported by artillery. The soldiers

were all from Manchuria. The operations were simple, and not unlike our own system of attack and defence. The defensive position was protected by a very strong wire entanglement. The leading attackers carried strong two-handled wire-cutters, with which they made openings, the sections from the rear rushing in. Small as the sphere of operations was, they were most carefully carried out, with a programme explaining the situation under which the attack was made. A large crowd of citizens witnessed the little fight. After the field-day was over, the troops were assembled and His Royal Highness and the members of the Mission, with General Kuroki and the other officers present, inspected the troops. Originally the Japanese army took the French army as its model. The dress is French, as is much of the military etiquette. The German organisation and system of training was adopted at a later period. The Japanese, while assimilating what they considered suitable in these two great European armies, depended on themselves for the chief factor—that is, the military discipline and patriotic spirit. Only a very poor observer can fail to trace in the bringing up of the children, the education of the youth of the country of both

sexes, and the courteous habits of the people, the causes of their great success in war. A military spirit shows itself at every step. Boys and girls march naturally in military formation, form up in line, bow low or cheer at the word of command from their teachers. At first, from the appearance of the little boys all dressed alike in blue coats and brass buttons, I thought they were all military or naval cadets, but it is not so; they are civil schools. The girls also are dressed nearly alike in plum-colour skirts and black jackets. Again, their amusements, such as fencing and wrestling, display a martial spirit."

Conscription being universal, I asked General Kuroki whether there are any Etas[1] (pariahs) in the ranks. He replied in the affirmative, and, answering a further question as to whether this created any class difficulties, he said "No, except as to messing." The other men will not eat with them; but even this difficulty, he thinks, will disappear with time.

As regards the question of class, it is interesting to give a glance at the composition of the army cadets school at Tōkyō. When it is remembered

[1] See my *Tales of Old Japan*, "The Hatamoto and the Eta Maiden."

that in old days the Samurai was the only soldier —the only man entitled to bear arms,—it must be admitted that the breaking down of barriers in late years has been pretty effective.

Out of a total number of 668 cadets in the military college at Tōkyō, 12 are the sons of nobles of the highest rank; 357 belong to the Samurai class, among whom must be reckoned the lower nobility and the class which among us would rank as landed gentry; while no fewer than 299 are drawn from what are called commoners, that is, merchants, shopkeepers, and what we should count as the lower middle class.

Promotion from the ranks is very rare in war-time; in peace-time it is unknown. But this, be it noted, does not arise out of any idea of aristocratic exclusiveness or class prejudice, but from the conviction that technical education is an absolute essential for an officer. The Japanese look upon the art of war as a matter of long and special study. They say: "It takes us seven years of hard work to qualify as officers. How should we be justified in promoting to the rank and responsibilities of officer a man who has not received that education? Neither bravery, nor drill, nor exemplary conduct are sufficient. A

man must be an adept in the science of war before he is fit to become an officer and command men."

The generals and other officers whom we met, and who are as a matter of fact the fruit of the system — Marshals Yamagata, Ōyama, and Nodza, Generals Nogi, Kuroki, and Fukushima (I jot down the names as they occur to me),—are men of whom any army might well be proud. Again, there was General Count Kodama, who was summoned from the governorship of Formosa to take up the office of Chief of the Staff in the war, and who has just been appointed to succeed Marshal Ōyama, who has resigned the office of Chief of the Staff at Tōkyō. All these men have been recognised as high authorities by those most competent to judge; but, after all, their deeds are before the world, and are better evidence even than the estimate of an expert, be he never so skilled.

On our way back from the field-day we stopped in the town of Hiroshima and saw the famous garden of Marquis Asano. His eldest son, Mr. Asano, was one of the gentlemen attached to the Prince's suite, so we had the advantage of seeing this beautiful place under the best auspices. Mr.

Asano spent some years in England, and is an admirable English scholar. His father, the Marquis, was unfortunately ill in Tōkyō. The Asano family is one of the noblest in Japan. Its chief was the Daimyō of Geishiu; and if Daimyates had not been abolished, that would now be the position of the Marquis. Here again we had the chance to observe the great respect with which the representatives of the old "great names" (Dai-myō) are treated. Mr. Asano, the heir, was treated here much as Prince Shimadzu had been at Kagoshima. He was the chief of the clan, and the two hawk's feathers crossed, the crest of the Asano family, have lost none of their significance in the old capital of Geishiu, or indeed out of it.

The old castle has been pulled down, and only the walls remain, so this delightful house, which was formerly a villa, is now the chief country residence of the Marquis. The garden is famous all over Japan, and is rich in all the characteristic beauties with which the nobles of Japan were wont to surround their leisure. The artificial water, the rocks, the trees and shrubs, the stones displayed in scientific confusion, the great cranes with their majestic deportment, like the lords of the place—of which indeed they would seem to be the only

inhabitants when the chief is away in the capital,—all combine to give an old-world look to grounds which cannot cover more than three or four acres, but which are so skilfully designed that nowhere do you see an end. They fade away into the mystery of space; they might be surrounded by a pathless forest.

Before we left we had an exhibition of posturing —I can find no other word for it. A man armed with a sword was opposed to a girl who carried a spear. There was no fighting or fencing about it. Both contented themselves with apparently showing the various positions in which blows can be aimed and parried; long they lingered over every movement. Very decorously, very solemnly they went through a performance which, to our ignorance, did not convey the same meaning as it did to the delighted eyes of the Japanese experts who accompanied us.

We returned to the *Diadem* for luncheon.

The bluejackets had been preparing a great entertainment for this evening. General Kuroki, Admirals Tōgō and Kataoka, Captain Takarabé, Mr. Asano, and the other Japanese gentlemen on board the *Manchu Maru*, came to dinner. The entertainment, which was after the manner of a

music-hall show with "turns," was a great success, but the triumph was a topical song in which Admiral Tōgō was celebrated. As a specimen of poetry and naval history the poem, perhaps, left something to be desired; but it had its effect. The Japanese, when it was translated to them, were delighted, and no one more so than the hero himself, who could not conceal his pleasure. I believe that this was General Kuroki's first experience of the British man-of-war and the handy-man. The ship's plumber was the accompanist, and a mighty good one too.

At the end of the entertainment Captain Savory made an excellent little speech, winding up by calling for three cheers for Admiral Tōgō. How the bluejackets responded to the call! I think the Japanese guests were quite sorry to go back to their ship when the entertainment came to an end.

Thursday, March 8.—We reached Kôbé on Thursday the 8th of March at 1 P.M., and here we bade a final farewell to the *Diadem*, where we had spent so many happy days since we first went on board at Hong-Kong. It is always sad saying goodbye to a ship, and there is a majesty about a man-of-war which adds to the feeling. Captain

Savory and all his officers had been so kind and had made us so welcome that I, for one, felt as if I were leaving a very happy home. An evening spent in the ward-room playing bridge, or gossiping round the very necessary fire, had all the cosiness and intimacy of a comfortable club.

Before going ashore we all went off to take leave of Admiral Kataoka, whose squadron had furnished the Prince with such a stately guard of honour during his cruise in Japanese waters. His Royal Highness was supposed to be travelling in the strictest incognito after we left Tōkyō ; but in spite of that the five great ships never left him, never failed to illuminate at night. It was an "incognito" which the Japanese, with their courteous attention, converted into a royal and triumphant reception ; and when this "unknown person"—I suppose that is what "incognito" means—landed, there were no fewer than ten men-of-war making the surrounding hills ring with the echo of their parting salute.

The welcome which the Prince met with on shore was as enthusiastic as any that had greeted him elsewhere.

Kôbé, which, when I first landed there in 1868, was a mere tract of waste land outside Hiōgō,

without so much as a single hut upon it, has in the few intervening years risen from literally nothing into a town of the first importance, with a population of some 270,000 people. In old days its chief fame consisted in the excellence of its beef. Whenever at Tōkyō or Yokohama our head boy could bring back from market a sirloin of Kôbé beef, or a leg of mutton from Shanghai, that was a red-letter day, when friends were invited to share the unwonted delicacy. Now Kôbé is, in virtue of its exports and imports, the foremost port in the Islands of Japan.

It was whilst the foreign settlement of Kôbé was being laid out that soldiers belonging to the Bizen clan fired upon the flags and representatives of the Treaty Powers. We were still in the early days of 1868. The different Legations, and such foreigners as happened to be there, were busily engaged surveying the site, when a regiment was seen coming out of the town of Hiōgō. When the men came opposite the unsuspecting foreigners, a word of command was given: "Halt! Front! Fire!" Luckily the soldiers had just been supplied with rifles from America of which they did not understand the sights, so the bullets whistled harmlessly far overhead into the sea. No one was

hurt. The only tragic element in the whole affair was the death of the officer who was responsible in the matter. The Emperor's Government were in despair. In their honest attempts to show their friendliness and good faith towards foreigners, they were continually being brought face to face with difficulties which it seemed impossible to avoid. Both they and we had our evil quarters of hours in those days.

But there was nothing evil about the hours with which I am dealing now. The whole community of Kôbé, but more especially the British members of it, had made up their minds that the Prince should carry away the best impression of their loyalty and devotion to the King—and right well they carried out their intention. It would have been impossible for their welcome to be more hearty or more touching. For myself, I had the pleasure of shaking hands with one or two old friends, whom I never expected to see again here after so many years.

In Japan the wooden houses age rapidly, and it seemed little short of miraculous to drive through long streets of already venerable-looking shops where I remembered empty space. It was as if Aladdin's lamp had been at work. The distance

through the busy town to the railway station seemed interminable.

From Kôbé to Kyōtō, however, is no far cry. At Ōsaka there was again a great company of generals, officials, ladies, and school children. One lady, the widow of an officer who was killed in Manchuria, brought her little orphan son, a child of six, dressed in the uniform of his father's regiment, who gravely saluted the foreign Prince as a soldier should.

As we drove through Kyōtō from the railway station the welcome was, if possible, even more vociferous than it had been before. I was in the carriage with General Kuroki and the Governor of Kyōtō; when the cries were at their loudest, the latter said: "You must not suppose that these are mere meaningless shouts. In every school throughout the country which you are to pass, all the children, even the smallest, have been carefully instructed in the meaning of this Mission to Japan. They all know that it is due to the King of England, who has sent his own nephew to do honour to our Emperor; and they have been taught not only that, but also the significance of the alliance. So their cheers are not ignorant, but a real greeting." On our voyage across the Pacific

we fell in with an English officer who had been making a walking tour in Japan. He and a friend had travelled on foot all the way from Kyōtō to Nikkô, a distance of well over three hundred miles. Through many out-of-the-way villages they passed, and everywhere they found the two flags decorating the houses or in the children's hands. The people were so far away from all centres of information that they knew nothing of England; all that they knew was that the crossed flag was the flag of the "Friend Nation." This shows that in the remotest districts the friendship is respected and welcomed, even where it is hardly understood; but in the great centres and along the chief artery ways of the country the thing has been so well expounded that it has become a matter of common knowledge. Indeed, I think it would be impossible for such a welcome as the Prince received to be a mere question of the word of command. There was throughout, from the first moment of our landing at Yokohama, a ring of sincerity about it which was very convincing. In such teaching as this, as well as in drill and physical training, our schoolmasters might well take a hint from our allies.

It must be difficult, nay impossible, for those

who only know the new Japan, to realise the halo of sanctity and mystery which those who were here in the olden time still see in the old capital. To the Japanese themselves, the Emperor, the Miyas or Princes of the Blood, and the Kugés or nobles of the Court, were something awful, hidden, sacred, to be spoken of with bated breath, like beings of the unseen world. The Shōgun himself, with all his power, could not see the Mikado face to face. When summoned to Court he only saw a curtain, from behind which a voice issued, and below which the long floating trousers of rich brocade protruded. The most solemn ceremonial of his own Court at Yedo (Tōkyō) was that which attended the reception of a Kugé sent as an envoy by the Emperor. The mission might or might not accomplish its end; but in either case, no tittle of the rules of etiquette prescribed by immemorial tradition must be omitted, and the envoy himself must be treated as something altogether sacred. Of the private lives of the members of this hidden Court nothing was known. Tradition itself was dumb on matters so occult.

One would have imagined that many centuries of seclusion from the rest even of their fellow-

countrymen, coupled with the additional disadvantage of intermarriage within their own limits, would have produced a worn-out race quite unfitted for taking a share in public affairs. It was not so. There were amongst the Kugés men of action, who were ready to combine with the great Daimyōs for the restoration of the Mikado's power, keen as the Princes of Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Tosa themselves to be emancipated from the fetters of the Shōguns. These were not men like the prisoners who came out of the dungeons of the Bastille, blinking blindly at their first sight of the sun. The Kugés were far removed from the poor, bigoted, monkish recluses that they had been represented to be; they were highly cultivated men, learned in all that made up the lore and accomplishments of a finished Japanese gentleman of that day. The repression of an imprisonment, however honourable, had not strangled in them the memory of ancient glories, the desire for present freedom. And so, when the critical time came, there were found among them men ready and fit to take part in what developed into a great national movement. A Prince of the Blood, Ninwaji no Miya, placed himself, nominally at any rate, at the head of the Imperial army, by

which he was acclaimed with enthusiasm. When the new Government was formed, a Kugé, Sanjo Daijo Daijin, became Prime Minister: other high offices of state were filled by Iwakura, Higashi Kuzé, the Tokudaijis, and other great personages of the old Court, who shared with the Kidos, Okubōs, Ōkumas, Gotōs, Inouyés, representing the Samurai class, the responsibility of guiding the ship through the shoals and tortuous straits which were ahead of her. It is not too much to say that the Daimyōs and Samurais by themselves could not have succeeded in forming the new Japan. They needed the co-operation of the Mikado's Court, without which the revolution would have degenerated into a mere civil war between the Daimyōs and the Shōgun — each party struggling for the possession of the Mikado: possibly a change, but always the same thing;—a repetition of what took place three centuries ago, when Iyéyasu, at the battle of Séki-ga-hara, wrested the power from Hidéyoshi's infant son.

In no place can the great change have been more felt than in Kyōtō. The Mikado has left the hallowed precincts of its palace; the Miyas no longer end their days in holy seclusion as abbots of one of the great shrines; they are statesmen,

soldiers, sailors. The Kugés have disappeared, free to follow the bent of their own inclinations, serving the State or themselves as the spirit moves them. The veil of the temple has been rent, and the mystery has faded into thin air, like a ghost that has been laid.

And yet, in spite of all, there lingers here, in the old town under the mountains, something of the charm of antiquity, as it does in Damascus, in certain delightful unimproved quarters of European cities, even in odd nooks and corners of our own grimy London. Here and there a few houses in the Western style have been built, and telegraph posts with their wires are as obtrusive as elsewhere; mercifully, however, the streets are so narrow that there can be no tramways; there is not therefore enough of what is modern to wipe out all that is old, and there is still an undefined, indescribable atmosphere which tells of days that seem as remote as if centuries, not decades, separated us from them; days when the great bullock-drawn carts, all ablaze with gold and lacquer, now relegated to museums, used to carry mysterious personages to equally mysterious ceremonies; days when windows were sealed lest a profane eye should look down upon something

too sacred even to be seen; days when royalty was almost divinity; days which must have been one long penance to the victims of so much honour. The actors have dispersed, the dresses have disappeared, but the scene is still standing, and it needs no great stretch of the imagination to fill in the picture with the August Beings, the richly robed priests and monks, the proud Daimyōs with their processions of turbulent men-at-arms, and the Rōnins or wave-men, unattached swash-bucklers, ruffling it through the streets, ever ready to pick a quarrel or join in a fray; rarely, a lady concealed in her cart or closely veiled palanquin. The Japanese have indeed changed, but Kyōtō is still Kyōtō.

Although the old city is unable to boast of an antiquity which will compare with that of Athens or Rome, or many other of the world's ancient towns, it is still venerable, for it was a flourishing city and the capital of Japan three hundred years before Gundulf, the weeping monk of Bec in Normandy, laid the foundation stone of the White Tower of London for William the Conqueror. With one brief interval in the twelfth century, when Hiōgō for a while became the residence of the Court, Kyōtō remained the capital of the Mikado

from its foundation until 1868,—no mean record. The situation of the town is beautiful. It lies at the base of an amphitheatre of precipitous mountains, some at the present moment capped with snow, and all covered by a primeval forest of conifers, maples, and all manner of beautiful shrubs. It is cut in two by the river Kamo, on either side of which are built houses with picturesque little balconies overlooking the river-bed, which, save when there are heavy floods, is an almost dry watercourse. Here the citizens, building little bridges where there is an inconvenient pool, love to sit of a summer's evening drinking tea and breathing the fresh air from the mountains. The greater part of the city, including the palace, lies to the west of the river. But to the east, where the mountains begin to rise, are most of the famous temples, each standing in its own beautiful grounds, so that the good folk of Kyōtō have for their enjoyment a chain of lovely parks through which they can walk from north to south. No more romantic spot can be found for a man to take his pleasure in, when the cherries put forth their exquisite blossoms in spring, or when the maples set the woods ablaze in autumn. In the summer there is the grateful shade of the great trees under

which he may sit and look out upon the purple haze trembling over the hills. In the intervals between these old temples are many little villas standing in gardens. As I passed by one of these one morning, the sun was shining, a plum-tree was in full bloom, and a little uguisu, the Japanese nightingale, was singing away for dear life. He thought the spring had come; he was soon undeceived.

Friday, March 9.—A boar-hunt up in the hills to the north of the city had been arranged for us; but the weather was, as usual, deplorable. Most of us preferred remaining in our comfortable hotel to facing rain and sleet. Besides, we wished to devote the two short days which were all that we had in hand to Kyōtō itself. Those who did brave the storm, and went to the mountains, got nothing but wet jackets for their pains. Not one of them fired a shot, or indeed saw anything to shoot at. The hunt was quite unsuccessful.

We, on the contrary, who stayed behind had our time well filled. I was very anxious once more to see the Gosho, the Imperial Palace, whither I accompanied Sir Harry Parkes when he had his first audience of the Mikado. This is a building held in the greatest veneration, so much so that the people usually speak of it as "Gosho

Sama," thus applying to it the same honorific which is used in speaking of or to persons of consideration. Sama and its abbreviation San is not a translation of our word Mr. or Master or Mistress. It signifies "appearance." The masters of ancient punctilio in Japan held that it was less offensive to speak of "the appearance" of such an one having done this or that, than to speak of him or her directly. It is not really an honorific though used as such, it is simply an indirect, and, therefore, more polite way of alluding to any one. Rarely indeed does a Japanese address another without using this decorous suffix, unless he be an inferior in his own employ. Foreigners in their ignorance often suppress it, thinking thereby to convey a sense of a sort of good fellowship; but the Japanese deem it vulgar, not intimate, and it jars upon them accordingly. I remember reading one of the many lady tourists' books on Japan, in which the authoress hearing Mount Fuji called Fuji San expressed her astonishment that the Japanese should speak of their sacred mountain as Mr. Fuji. She did not realise that San in that case is only a mispronunciation of the Chinese word Shan, a mountain. I know of no case in which Sama is ever applied to an inanimate object, save those of

the sun and the moon which are divine, and the Gosho which is invested with an altogether peculiar sanctity.

It stands in the midst of what is now a park, chiefly planted with pine trees, walled in but open to the public,—a succession of vast buildings, some erected and fitted up in the Chinese style, others in the Japanese. Cold, draughty, and comfortless the great halls seem to be, but then it must be remembered that they are now uninhabited; we know what a house at home is like when the master is away, and the greater it is, the worse it is. In a Japanese room, where there is practically no furniture and no fireplace, the sense of loneliness and cheerlessness is accentuated. But the decoration is exquisite in its simplicity; the walls, screens, and sliding doors are painted by great masters, as famous in their country as Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Turner in ours, and very beautiful they are. The curved roofs of the buildings at first sight look as if they were of thatch, but a closer inspection shows that they are made of layers of the bark of the cypress (*retinospora*), held together at the top by a ridge of potter's work. The gardens are, of course, masterpieces, the design of men famous in their craft.

One thing struck me as specially curious: at the entrance to the verandah, which leads to what were the Mikado's apartments, there is a trapdoor —I know not what other name to give it—which is loose, and yields about an inch at the slightest touch. This was constructed to give warning of any approach; no matter how light the footfall might be, no person could draw near to the Sacred Presence unheard and unnoticed. The wooden guardian, a sentinel that never slept, gave the alarm.

I had some little difficulty in identifying the audience chamber in which we were received in days gone by. There are two such rooms, one small, the other large. We came first to the small one, and I felt sure that this must be the room. There was the raised dais on which stood the throne surmounted by a four-posted canopy of white silk with a pattern in red and white. There in front of the throne were the two ancient Kylins, one male and the other female, which I had never forgotten, and yet, somehow, the audience chamber seemed to have shrivelled into something smaller. But presently we came to the great hall, where all the accessories are repeated, throne, curtains, and Kylins, and then it all came back to me. The Mikado in the ancient State dress, now a thing of

the past, surrounded at a distance by his nobles—all wearing their robes and the black cap, Yéboshi, which was peculiar to them—only, so far as I remember, Sanjo Daijo Daijin and an interpreter being near him,—a most impressive sight, which carried one back into the gloom of the centuries.

Few things have interested me more than this second visit to the Gosho Sama. In grandeur and magnificence the palace at Kyōtō cannot be compared to that at Tōkyō; but its simplicity is its leading character, and I well remember the effect which that produced upon us all when the Court was in residence. The ceilings, gorgeously panelled in lacquer and gold, the painted walls and sliding doors, with the fair white mats, and the elaborately carved woodwork are of the highest artistic beauty; but there is nothing glaring, nothing ostentatious, nothing meretricious in their art. It is all subdued and dignified and kingly.

We went also to see the Nijô palace, which used to be occupied by the Shōgun when he came to Kyōtō; a truly gorgeous building full of works of art. But of palaces, as of books, there is no end. The chrysanthemum now everywhere takes the place of the Mitsu-aoi, the crest of the Shōguns.

It is the fashion to say that there are no fine

specimens of the old Japanese arts left for sale. That is really not the case. I went to-day to a famous shop kept by one Hayashi, who has a fine collection of genuine old things, mixed up, of course, with a great deal of tourists' rubbish. His prices, considering the merits of his wares, seemed not excessive. There are several other good establishments of the same kind, and I feel sure that in some of the humbler curiosity shops there must still be many beautiful things to be picked up; but the chase requires much time, and that I had not got. At any rate, Kyōtō must be quite the richest hunting-ground in Japan. The silk warehouses, too, are very fascinating; the most beautiful embroideries and weavers' work being all turned out here, so far as I was concerned, in vain. What silken purchases I intended to make I had already made at Tōkyō, but the silks were woven here.

The newspaper reporter was ubiquitous. The next morning all Kyōtō was informed that at Hayashi's shop I had bought two screens painted by Kano Eitoku and at what price, together with a vase of Chinese cloisonné enamel. Such is fame!

Talking of bric-à-brac, Mr. Saigo, the mayor of Kyōtō, son of the great General whose grave we

visited at Kagoshima, took us this afternoon to see an exhibition which he had been getting up of the products of the city, ancient and modern. This was a show of the greatest interest, and being of course absolutely authentic, most instructive to the collector. What was very striking about the older objects was their marvellous freshness. Kept in great warehouses attached to the nobles' palaces, only taken out perhaps once in ten years for a few hours, their state of preservation was perfect. There were pieces of gold lacquer centuries old, as to the genuineness of which there could be no doubt, for they were lent by owners in whose families they were heirlooms, and who kept their pedigrees as jealously as the objects themselves, which were bright as though they had been made yesterday. A good deal of nonsense is talked about the patine of antiquity, which very often is only dirt. The Japanese know better than that. They keep their art treasures clean. What would some of our dilettanti say if they were shown Hidéyoshi's lacquer travelling set, with all the pieces looking as new as if the great man were going to use them to-day, instead of having been himself buried three hundred years ago? True patine is as much appreciated by the Japanese as

by ourselves. They are too good artists not to feel its value; patine which is dirt they abominate.

Exhibitions such as this must be most valuable to the Japanese themselves, showing them what to cultivate, what to avoid. In every craft cultivate the old, avoid the new. Kyōtō has always been famous for its lacquer; and the moderns are as good in this one art as the ancients. What says Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain? "Specimens worthy of the best age still continue to be produced. Competent critics assert that Shibata Zeshin, who died as lately as 1891, was probably as great as any artist that ever existed, and that others no less skilled are still living to-day" (*Things Japanese*, p. 274). It will be an evil day for Japan if ever the lacquer artists come to be laid low by the European fever, like the painters, embroiderers, potters, and enamellers, who have mostly, in greater or lesser degree, succumbed to the taint. Lacquer is as yet undefiled, a sprig of flowers, the verandah of a garden house with ladies and gentlemen viewing the scenery, a group of graceful bamboos, the famous porch of Miyajima, a pine-clad hill with a tuft of maples in one corner, Mount Fuji, a landscape from the lute-shaped lake, a cascade, a gateway draped with the wistaria, a flight of cranes

or wild geese,—such subjects, treated according to the canons of Japanese art, are dear to the modern as well as to the ancient craftsman, and so it may be hoped they will remain, for no other is so well suited to his skill.

Among the curiosities which we were shown were some of the old carts, which played so conspicuous a part in the ancient sacred and courtly ceremonies of Kyōtō. Strange, indeed, are these wains, more curious than beautiful, profusely decorated and surmounted by wonderfully carved groups of life-sized dolls, illustrating some episode in the mythology or legendary history of the country. Heavy and innocent of springs, furnished with great clumsy wheels—to be carried in one of them must have been a misery.

Our kind hosts always had some entertainment prepared for us; not a moment was left uncatered for. This evening we were invited to a performance at the Kaburenjō Theatre. A huge royal box had been constructed facing the stage. All the leading Japanese officials and gentlemen of Kyōtō had been invited with their wives, together with a few European ladies, who had come up from Kôbé.

The first piece on the programme was entitled

TOMOZURU, or the Friendly Cranes, and its explanation was as follows :—"A new dance, especially to be performed by six dancing girls to welcome His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught's visit to Kyōtō. It is composed of three stanzas; the first showing the beautiful sceneries of the city, the former capital of the Empire; the second, expressions of hearty welcome by its inhabitants on his arrival; the third, a sincere wish for the long continuance of Anglo-Japanese Alliance and friendship."

All this was represented by postures and gestures. Fans with the Union Jack on one side, and the red sun of Japan on the other, were the chief properties. After the six little Friendly Cranes had finished their graceful performance, they came up into the royal box to be complimented, and I am bound to say that nothing could exceed their Friendliness. They chatted and laughed, asking us all sorts of questions, and were as gay and merry as Friendly Cranes could be, until it was time for them to go on the stage again, when, as a parting gift, they presented us with their emblematic fans, and scuttled off.

The second performance was AZUMAGENJI, "One of the classical dances, showing a part of

the life of a feudal lord in his mansion. He drinks saké and dances *à la Japonaise*; then his beautiful daughter and two maids of honour join him in dancing."

The part of the feudal lord was played by a tall handsome girl dressed in gorgeous robes of ancient fashion; she was wonderfully dignified and impressive in all her movements, and altogether the little piece gave a very pretty picture of Japanese home customs in the stately mediæval times.

The finale was the MIYAKO ODORI, which our programme described as "the typical Kyōtō 'Cherry Dance,' which is performed there during the month of April only, but with a changed subject every year." (It was given on this occasion in March as an exceptional compliment to Prince Arthur.) "The theme here to be performed refers to three famous Shintō Temples in Japan—Hachiman Temple at Mount Otokoyama, Kasuya Temple in Nara, and Jingu Temple in the province of Isé. During the performance the scene changes eight times, showing the inner and outer parts of those temples, together with the performance of some Shintō sacred dances, and the surrounding sceneries."

These quotations are from an explanatory

booklet which had been very thoughtfully prepared for our use, and without which we should have been very much at sea. The changes of scenery were effected, not as is usual in a Japanese theatre, by means of a revolving stage, but by drop scenes as in Europe. A view of the sea in the last scene was very effective. The performers were the very pick of the geishas of Kyōtō; and the geishas of Kyōtō have been famous from time immemorial. The dresses were magnificent, the theatre beautifully decorated, and the whole entertainment most sumptuously got up. In short, it was an altogether exceptional display of an art which has been so long cultivated as to have reached the height of perfection. It is this perfection which makes it dear to the cultured Japanese. To realise its full beauties is a matter of education. Amongst us dancing is an art which appeals to the senses; with the Japanese it appeals to the imagination. Their perception is more delicate, and by nature keener than ours; it is tempered, moreover, like the finest steel, by centuries of a peculiar culture. A theme is set; it tells a story it may be of love, it may be of heroic deeds, but distinctly a story; it is worked up by the composer, and invested with all the poetic fancy of which he or she is capable. Then

comes the geisha, trained to every nicety of pose and gesture. She is the interpeter. But of what avail is poetic fancy and imagery unless the onlooker can read into the grace of the dancer all that she intends to convey, all the charm of the story. He, too, must be educated, his perceptive eye must be as highly trained as the supple limbs of these dancing girls, he must be almost a composer himself before he can penetrate the subtle mysteries of what to the uninitiated is meaningless motion. We can praise the beauty, the decorous grace, the poise of the neck, the playful carriage of the hands and fingers, the dainty flutter of the fan; but behind all there is a magic, something hidden, something which we can see means so much to the enlightened, but as to which we remain perforce in the dark. How can there be sympathy where understanding is lacking?

This being so, I do not suppose that of such a performance as this the praise of an Englishman can be counted as worth much, but seeing that it satisfied the exactions of the most critical onlookers (audience would hardly be the word applicable) in the world, I think it is not too much to say that it was something quite out of the common. We at any rate went home de-

lighted, and as our pleasure was the object aimed at, our hosts might be sure that they had a bull's eye to their credit.

Saturday, March 10.—Only this one day more to spend in the romantic old city, for the morrow was to be devoted to Nara, which no one would wish to miss. But this one day was entirely at our own disposal, to be husbanded and made the most of as each man pleased. There were no official functions, no prearranged entertainments. For a wonder, it was a lovely morning, and it was a joy to wander without a thought of sight-seeing through the great parks at the foot of the hills and dream oneself back into bygone days; and perhaps nowhere on earth is it more easy to forget the passing of the centuries. How the scene lends itself to the wildest play of the imagination! Here before one are the very backgrounds dear to the painters of solemn processions, of courtly ceremonies, of rituals in which princely abbots play the leading part, and the very acolytes are beings high removed above the vulgar crowd. At those shrines Mikados have gone in state to worship; into those halls Shōguns have retired, abandoning the pomp of the world; through those groves

princesses have carried relics of dead heroes to be laid as offerings upon the altars. Statelier than the great fanes themselves are the noble trees; lovelier than the loveliest of all who come to worship are the blossoming cherries, which even now are budding, waiting to unfold themselves into life. Who would not linger lovingly in such a paradise? But the giant bell of Chi-On-In is sending great waves of sound rolling through the air. The dream is over, and it is time to be gone.

So far my wanderings in and about Kyōtō had been confined to the eastern side and the centre of the town. I was anxious to see something of the west, so four of us set out driving in the afternoon to search for what there might be of interest in a, to us, new quarter. Through the hubbub and bustle of the streets we drove for miles, and the suburbs seemed endless; but the scenes were of never-failing interest, for here once more was Old Japan, scarcely touched by the vandal hand of time. Of course we had all heard of the Katsura river, down the rapids of which the timber is floated from the far-away mountains of Tamba. Very picturesque were the rafts with the sunburnt, half-naked men creeping about

them; very beautiful the pine-clad gorge; very effective the bridge, the inevitable tea-house, and the sparsely scattered buildings about it. But the glory of the morning had departed; a thick mist was gathering, and soon the heavy raindrops were spoiling all the lovely surroundings. Kismet! It was our fate! Still, rain or no rain, we must knock at the gate of Ginkakuji, the Temple of the Silver Pavilion. A small boy, aged twelve, with his head shorn, a monk in embryo, answered to the call; had he been an abbot, in cope and stole, full of years and dignity, he could not have been more solemn, more wise, or better learned in all the traditions and legends of his temple.

In the latter half of the fifteenth century Ashikaga Yoshimasa ruled as Shōgun over Japan. He was a man of æsthetic tastes, highly cultured in all those ceremonies to which the Japanese used in old days to attach an esoteric significance—poetry, the tea-ceremonial, incense-burning, landscape-gardening, Hana-mi and Tsuki-mi, the watching of the flowers and of the moon, seated on some appropriate spot in the company of congenial friends, æsthetes like himself,—these were occupations which he preferred to the affairs

and the cares of State, and so he became Inkyō—that is, assigned the Shōgunate to his successor, and retired into private life.

There was much to be said in favour of this almost universal custom of becoming Inkyō. A man felt himself to be growing old, no longer fit to wrestle with the difficulties which beset a Shōgun or a great Daimyō. He retired in favour of his son, real or adopted. But although he thus nominally divested himself of the power, he remained an influence to be reckoned with; seldom was a new departure of any importance taken, seldom was any Gordian knot cut, without consultation with the Inkyō, who was able, without being vexed by those innumerable details of lesser importance which eat up the day of a ruler of men, to help and guide his successor until the latter should have proved his fitness for government. The real value of the practice lay in the watchful care which trained the younger man during the early years of his power.

In the case of Yoshimasa, it may be imagined, this latter consideration had little weight. His only care now was to find some appropriate spot, lovely and secluded, far from the hum of the busy hives of men, where no intrusive minister

might interrupt the solemnities of tea-drinking or penetrate the arcana of incense-burning.

Picture to yourself a party of four or five elderly gentlemen clad in the robes pertaining to their rank, gravely seated in a room specially designed for the purpose, which must not exceed or fall short by so much as an inch of the rules laid down by the great givers of the law on this weighty subject. The walls are decorated with scrolls painted by Chô Densu, Jôsetsu, Kanô Masanobu, or some other of the famous quattrocentisti of Japan; the mats are spread over with tiger skins from Corea; the only ornament is a bronze vase containing a spray of flowers, arranged according to the severest canons of the great teachers. The tea-service is of the rarest porcelain; the kettle is boiling on a tripod or hanging from the ceiling, according to the dictates of the school to which the party belongs. Every movement, whether in the preparing or in the drinking of the infusion, is guided by the strictest etiquette. But the climax is reached when the guessing begins. Whence comes this tea? Say, by its flavour, by its fragrant bouquet, is it from Uji, is it from Shidzuoka, or whence? or is it, mayhap, a blend? The lucky guesser is rewarded by the

gift of a cup from the princely service, and so high a value was set upon such specimens of porcelain that they became heirlooms; and I remember well being told of a case in which a Daimyō being in need of money obtained a large sum from the moneylenders of Kyōtō on no other security than a small cup which had been given to one of his ancestors by the great Hidéyoshi; with so precious a pledge the lenders were content; they had no fears for their money.

Even stranger to the ordinary mortal, who is not blessed with the hyperæsthetic perception of these old-world Japanese connoisseurs, is the pleasure to be found in "listening" to incense. The compounding of incense (*kō-awasé*) was another of the ceremonies of which the Silver Pavilion was the shrine. Here again the skill consisted in the nice discrimination between various cunningly prepared perfumes; and, as in the tea ceremonies, prizes were given to the successful judges.

Cha-no-yu, literally "hot water for the tea," is a very simple and commonplace designation for so dignified and solemn a rite as that which was practised by these august æsthetes. They made up for it by altogether repudiating any suggestion of vulgar smelling or sniffing in regard to incense.

To the perfumes they "listened," every now and then refreshing their deadened senses by washing their noses with vinegar.

These, and such as these, were the pleasures for which Yoshimasa with his two pet abbots, ecclesiastics as luxurious as the Prior of Jorvaulx himself, gave up the dignities and the oppressions of statecraft. It must be remembered that these amusements, frivolous as they may seem to the uninitiated, must not be judged by a European standard of taste. There is behind all this meticulous pedantry an inner meaning, associated partly with poetry, partly with religion. It was intimately connected with profound study, both of secular and sacred literature. As in their landscape gardening, suggestion, not the mere imitation, of an ideal beauty is the object to be attained, so in these contests of perception there are also hidden meanings and esoteric references of which we have not the key. They have, moreover, the sanction of centuries; they have been the solace of Emperors, Shōguns, Daimyōs, and heroes, including the great Hidéyoshi, the most famous of Japan's old statesmen and warriors; and if in later days they have been practised chiefly by æsthetes, they have not hindered some, at any rate,

of their votaries from doing yeoman's service to their country. But those who wish to know more about what is a very complex subject must turn to the pages of Captain Brinkley's great work, where all these refined amusements are dealt with at great length in the second and third volumes.

Shukô, who designed the buildings, was not only a master of his craft, but also an adept in the codes which governed, and perhaps still govern, the mystic ceremonials of which his building was to be the chief theatre. He it was who initiated the ex-Shōgun and his reverend boon companions in the mysteries of Cha-no-yu. To him was added a famous landscape artist, one Sōami, a man renowned for his power of suggestion in garden poetry, so the Silver Pavilion sprang up in the midst of a scene which must have satisfied the taste even of the fastidious Inkyō, and which is still counted as one of the chief beauties of Japan.

Since writing the above I have happened upon a passage in Mr. Inazo Nitobé's little treatise on *Bushidō*, which well bears out the views I have tried to give of Cha-no-yu, and by implication of incense ceremonies. "As an example of how the simplest thing can be made into an art and then

become spiritual culture, I may take Cha-no-yu, the tea-ceremony. Tea-sipping as a fine art! Why should it not be? In the children drawing pictures on the sand, or in the savage carving on a rock, was the promise of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo. How much more is the drinking of a beverage, which began with the transcendental contemplation of a Hindoo anchorite, entitled to develop into a handmaid of Religion and Morality? That calmness of mind, that serenity of temper, that composure and quietness of demeanour which are the first essentials of Cha-no-yu, are without doubt the first conditions of right thinking and right feeling. The scrupulous cleanliness of the little room, shut off from sight and sound of the madding crowd, is in itself conducive to direct one's thoughts from the world. The bare interior does not engross one's attention like the innumerable pictures and bric-à-brac of a Western parlour; the presence of kakémonos (hanging scroll pictures) calls our attention more to grace of design than to beauty of colour. The utmost refinement of taste is the object aimed at, whereas anything like display is banished with religious horror. The very fact that it was invented by a contemplative recluse, in a time when wars and rumours of wars were

incessant, is well calculated to show that this institution was more than a pastime. Before entering the quiet precincts of the tea-room, the company assembling to partake of the ceremony laid aside, together with their swords, the ferocity of the battlefield or the cares of Government, there to find peace and friendship.

"Cha-no-yu is more than a ceremony; it is a fine art; it is poetry, with articulate gestures for rhythms; it is a *modus operandi* of soul discipline. Its greatest value lies in this last phase. Not infrequently the other phases preponderated in the mind of its votaries, but that does not prove that its essence was not of a spiritual nature! That is the way in which a Japanese gentleman and scholar looks upon Cha-no-yu."—*Bushidō*, by Inazo Nitobé, pp. 33-34.

How Sir Piercie Shafton and the Euphuists of Queen Elizabeth's reign would have delighted in Cha-no-yu! What eccentricities of language would Lily not have found for the celebration of the joys of "listening to incense"!

At the time of our visit the great pavilion overlooking the lake was being repaired, so we could not see it. But our clever little shaveling took us all over the garden, pointing out all its

beauties and traditions, and showed us the smaller pavilion standing on a knoll shaded by a grove of venerable trees, where Yoshimasa dwelt. The best of cicerones, he had a story for every corner and for every spring that plashed out of the rock; of the very stones each had its tale, for in a Japanese garden the stones preach sermons, and in these romantic grounds money had been lavishly spent in selecting and bringing from no matter what distance the appropriate and "suggestive" rock. Here the great man was wont to wash his hands; here was drawn the water for the tea-ceremonial; from yonder stone he would watch the rising of the moon; on that other one he would stand to admire the beauty of the flowers in the spring-time. But all these tales have been gathered together by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. W. B. Mason in Murray's *Handbook for Japan*, a book the equal of which in its kind has seldom been written, perhaps never, if the difficulties, linguistic and other, be taken into account; a book worthy of ranking with Ford's *Spain*, and, like it, deserving a place in every library—whether its owner meditate a journey to Japan or not—so replete is it with learning and information of every kind.

But what sybarites these old potentates were! It is burning summer, and my lord is faint with the heat. Quick! send for a gang of men and cover the hill yonder with sheets of white silk, so that his eyes may be refreshed by looking on a snow scene! This is a story of Yoshimitsu, a forebear of the Shōgun of whom I have just been writing, who became a monk, but in spite of being Inkyō never quite gave up the reins of government. Our young neophyte points out the hill with pride. Indeed, the freak appears to me to be worthy of a place with the drinking of melted pearls and the dishing up of nightingales' tongues in the records of the sublimest follies of mankind.

There was something curiously incongruous in hearing these archaic stories coming from the mouth of an urchin not yet in his teens. But he was a dear little fellow, pouring out his store of legendary lore with as much conviction as any toothless greybeard, and when we left him, not because we would not willingly have gone on listening to his old-world tales, but because the day was coming to a damp, disagreeable ending, his sayōnara was as solemn and ceremonious as if he himself had lived in the days of Ashikaga Yoshimasa, and played a part in the courtly entertain-

ments of the great æsthete. Fare you well, good little acolyte! I wish I had asked your name that I might prophesy great things for you—that you shall go on prospering in piety and learning until some day you become Lord Abbot of your temple. But the prophecy of a heretic might bring you ill luck, so perhaps it is as well that we part thus, unknowing and unknown.

Sunday, March 11.—There are only some twenty-five miles of rails separating Nara from Kyōtō, and the road passes through a country of more than ordinary interest. Fushimi is the first place reached; indeed, it is so near as often to be called a suburb of Kyōtō. Here it was that in the month of January 1868 the fate of the Shōgun was virtually decided, for, though there was fighting afterwards both at Tōkyō itself and in the north, after the battle of Fushimi the army of the rebels never had a chance of success. Fushimi must therefore always remain a famous landmark in Japanese history. But it is ill dwelling upon battles, the slaughter of men, and the burning villages, the flames of which we, who were at Ōsaka at the time, could see illuminating the night. It is pleasanter to think of Uji, the pretty village near the Biwa Lake, with its little farms surrounded

by the plantations which produce the finest tea of Japan. Not a pretty crop to look at, rather like euonymus bushes, and no more picturesque than a cabbage-garden, but it is one which means ease and comfort to the grower.

Tea is not indigenous in Japan; indeed it is doubtful whether it is even really indigenous in China, whence it was brought hither eleven centuries ago by one of those wandering Buddhist monks, of whom there seems to have been, in the remote ages, an almost continuous stream coming through Corea to the land of Sunrise, teaching and converting. Reading and writing, the making of porcelain, music, dancing, even a sort of football played with a shuttlecock, and heaven knows how many other arts and accomplishments, all were introduced in the same way. As for tea, it has even been stated that though it has been cultivated for so long in China, of its first appearance there is no record; its true home is India. To this day the finest seed comes from Manipur, and forms, as we are told, an important item of the Rajah's income. The Indian theory would seem to be borne out by a Buddhist legend of the holy Indian saint Daruma. He it appears was, like the fakirs, whom he would presumably have looked

upon as an abomination, in the habit of taking upon himself inconvenient vows. Upon one occasion he swore that for a term of years he would not take his hands out of his sleeves, which must have been unpleasant in many ways; but once it chanced that, as he stood wrapt in contemplation, a wasp came and settled upon his forehead. This was trying, but the holy man was steadfast; his hands remained locked, and he only tried to wrinkle the creature off. On another occasion he bound himself to read the sacred books for a spell of time without sleeping. But at last, after long nights of study, he was overcome; sleep conquered. When he awoke he was so penitent and so ashamed that he drew a knife and cut off his eyelids, in order that they might never close again. But the eyelids thrown on the ground were, by a miracle, changed; assuming the shape of plants, they budded and took root, and so was born into the world Tea, as an homœopathic treatment for heavy, drowsy eyelids. Legends sometimes spring out of facts upon which they throw a light. Had tea been brought to India from China the Daruma legend would never have been invented.

What Moscow is to Petersburg, that is Kyōtō

to Tōkyō; what Kief is to Moscow, that is Nara to Kyōtō. During three-quarters of the eighth century of our era Nara was the capital of the Mikados. But in the year 784 A.D. the Court moved to Kyōtō, and has never returned. The teeming population which once thronged its streets has followed the Court; but Nara remains beautiful as ever, the richer moreover by that mysterious attraction of which age alone has the secret.

The modern town, indeed, has little to distinguish it from the many pretty places through which we have travelled. It is when one comes into the great park that one feels the magic of the true Nara. Here the world seems to have stood still. The Buddhist abbots and monks, resplendent in vestments of golden brocade, walking with stately steps down the stairways leading from their temples; the Shinto priests in their ancient dress and quaint caps; the sacred dancing girls with their mystic dances,—all might have walked out of those golden screens which we have seen in the palace at Kyōtō. Hundreds of years of coaxing and petting have produced a herd of five hundred small deer, stags, and hinds and calves that will come up to you as confidentially as dogs, and feed out of your hand.

Woe betide the man who should injure one of these! to kill one was in old days punished with death. Such as the great temples and shrines are to-day, such they were in the eighth century, in the days of the glory of Nara. It is true that where buildings are constructed of such perishable materials as Japanese architecture employs, there must of necessity be continual patching and repairing, almost rebuilding. But the appearance remains the same as it did in the time of the old Mikados, the foundations of whose palace twelve hundred years have not yet quite wiped out. Venerable and hoary with age are the avenues and forests of stone lanterns, telling of the piety of benefactors long since dead. What is to be said of the glorious veteran cryptomerias, among which the sacred buildings stand half revealed? What of the great wistarias and other lianes which climb up their rugged stems? For centuries upon centuries have these great pillars stood, braving wind and storm which bend their heads, earthquakes which twist and tear their roots; but they are as green as ever, types of a vigorous old age,[1] and giving promise of

[1] The Japanese positively assert that the cryptomerias of Nara are over one thousand years old. This, however, is open to doubt. At any rate, they are very old. That is self-evident, and it is enough.

endurance yet to be fulfilled. That old trees are haunted by fairies is a favourite superstition with the Japanese. What a fitting home for a fairy would be one of these gnarled and hoary bolls!

One might spend days wandering through the holy places, listening to the legends of the monks, examining the many relics of a world that has passed away which their treasure-houses contain. We have to rush through, exploring here a lovely gorge by the side of a mountain torrent, there following some courtly priest through the halls and passages of his temple. The most we can hope for is to carry away a memory of the subtle charm, which is, after all, the great delight of the place.

In these times, when men wander to the uttermost parts of the earth with as much ease as in old times they made the grand tour, everybody has heard tell of the fame of the colossal Buddha, the Dai Butsu, of Kamakura. Here at Nara there is another still greater Dai Butsu,—greater, that is to say, in size, and far older than its rival, but in artistic merit much its inferior. It lacks the extraordinary dignity, the expression of holy calm, which distinguish the great Kamakura statue; moreover, though the greater part of the figure

at Nara dates from the eighth century, the head was so much damaged by fire that it had to be replaced by a new one in the sixteenth century. What the former head may have been like, who knows? The present one is certainly ugly, being flattened from the face to the back of the skull, while the features are coarse and poorly modelled. A figure of some fifty feet in height gains dignity by being looked at from a long way off, as is the case at Kamakura, the temple which once enshrined it having been destroyed, so that the Buddha stands in the open; whereas at Nara the statue, being enclosed in a vast building, is viewed from a distance of a few feet. In short, the Dai Butsu of Kamakura has always seemed to me to be the most imposing statue that I have ever seen, whereas that at Nara, though five hundred years older, fails to impress one in the same way. The one is a work of supreme art, the other only an object of curiosity.

It would seem as though from the earliest days the Japanese workers in metal had been past masters of their craft, for the Kamakura Dai Butsu is some six hundred and fifty years old, and its elder rival at Nara shows that even in the eighth century the casting of bronze had reached a high

degree of perfection. Some thirty or forty years ago there was a moment when it seemed as if the art was decaying. The necessity of producing cheap work for ignorant tourists, and a certain catch-penny cleverness, unfortunately still not infrequent, threatened a permanent degradation of a skill which used to produce masterpieces. But works of good and sound art are even now being turned out. The statuettes of one Udagawa, a Tōkyō artist, whose work in some respects reminds me of that of Mr. Gilbert, are worthy of the best days of Tō-un, Seimin, and even of the Miyōchin family, who for some three hundred years handed down from father to son the best traditions of the worker in iron. (Only the other day I was told that the last representative of the family died a few years ago. He was famous for making iron chopsticks. A strange field for Art!)

As we were leaving the temple of the great Buddha we noticed that the bare hill opposite, Mount Mikasa, from which Admiral Tōgō's ill-fated flagship took its name, was crowded with children scrambling up its steep side, apparently holiday-making. All of a sudden a gun fired, and in a moment the human swarm had formed itself into gigantic letters, Welcome, and the little

creatures began waving their flags and shouting Banzai! as if their throats would burst. After a few minutes, just time enough for the pretty compliment to assert itself, another gun was fired, and the four thousand children came scuttling down the hill, none too soon, for the eternal rain was beginning to fall again, and quickly there was a regular downpour. However, we had good shelter in the great club-house, which had been very kindly lent for our entertainment; we had seen as much of Nara and its sacred groves as time would allow, and we had to race back to Kyōtō in order to dress for an old-fashioned Japanese dinner with Mr. Saigo, the Mayor.

Dressing for dinner sounds simple enough; but on this occasion it was anything but simple. The invitation specially stipulated that we should come in Japanese dress, and as the Mayor had very kindly presented us each with a suit, for which he had actually sent a man all the way to Tōkyō, when we first arrived there, to take our measures, we could only do as he wished. How to put on a suit of Japanese clothes was a problem which none of us was competent to solve. There were knots and bows to be tied, of which only the

initiated possess the secret, involving possibilities of solecisms not to be thought of. However, there were willing and cunning hands ready to help, and by the time that the carriages were ready we were all rigged out as Japanese gentlemen, correct to the nicest fold. A more comfortable dress it would be difficult to find, cool in summer, warm and cosy in winter. Why did the Japanese abandon it for our clumsy costume? Only one thing came amiss to me. The white socks, with their division for the big toe, seemed to cut me; but that is a matter of habit.

In this matter of dress the Mayor's dinner reached the height of topsy-turveydom. For whereas the English guests were all in Japanese robes, the Japanese guests were all in European coats. Admiral Tōgō, General Kuroki and the others had not brought their kimonos with them on this journey, so they were compelled to dine in what clothes they had. It was a curious sight, and the management of chopsticks by some of our party was not quite what might have been expected of gentlemen so attired. The black cloth coats were quite at home with them, the kimonos, on the contrary, were very much puzzled, and not averse to a

little help from small clever hands. In taking their seats upon the mats, too, the coats had much the best of it, the poor kimonos sprawling about in very ungainly attitudes.

All this was very amusing to the pretty little geishas who were busy serving the dinner, and who could not conceal their merriment. Some of them we had met before at the theatre, but there they were in their grand robes and war paint; to-night they were much more at their ease; besides, were we not already acquaintances? The dinner was excellent, the company was made up of some of the most distinguished men in the country, and the waitresses were the flower of the professional beauties of Kyōtō. What could we want more? What with the music and the dancing and the joking,—for your professional beauty must be professional amuser as well, otherwise there is no place for her at such parties,—the evening sped merrily. Always ready with a repartee, quick to seize a joke and as quick to fling it back again, full of fun, and bubbling over with the joyousness of life, it is wonderful how these little maidens, some of them mere children, manage, without any apparent supervision, to keep within the strictest bounds

of decorum. I asked one tiny creature how old she was. "A geisha never tells her age," she answered very solemnly, but I am sure she was not more than fifteen.

But there is a skeleton at every feast. Koto and samisen, song and dance, could not quite make us forget that this was our last evening in the delightful old capital, and that every hour brought us nearer to our departure from Kyōtō, where we had been so kindly received and made so welcome. When our host and his friends marched along the corridor, to an accompaniment of dainty little pattering feet, to bid us good-night, we were quite in tune with the melancholy weather, which was drip, drip, dripping outside.

No place in the East, Far or Near, has quite the same charm for me as Kyōtō. It is full of memories, mostly sad,—but it is the sad memories that are the most abiding. We may forget the place where we laughed — the place where we mourned, never. At Jerusalem the weeping stones are the best remembered spot; who can point to the place where King David danced before the Ark? But apart from all personal recollections, Kyōtō is unique. It is a living

link with the buried past, a past that was many centuries old when it vanished thirty-eight short years ago. Indeed, one is tempted to ask whether of a truth it is quite dead; whether among these holy places there does not lurk, hidden in remote and almost forgotten corners, some slight remaining flicker of a life that is not altogether extinct. Japan has a glorious present; she has a great future before her; it is well for her and for the world that in some few sanctuaries, such as Kyōtō, Nara, Isé, Nikkō, there should linger the perfume of a past which was inspiring and romantic as the vision of a poet's dream.

If only Kyōtō possessed a Trevi fountain, that one might drink deeply of its waters, and hope to return once more!

Monday, *March* 12. — Meeting, says the Japanese proverb, is the beginning of parting, and a sad little saying it is, — one the truth of which was on this journey being continually forced upon us; for it seemed as though no sooner were we arrived at any place than it was time to pack up and begone. I shall never hear the National Anthem again without thinking of our last drive through the old capital to the railway station, and of the cheering crowds. The

fever of excitement ran its course all along our journey; but could a clinical thermometer have been found to measure its progress, I think perhaps the highest point reached would have been found at Kyōtō. The shrill voices of the nice little children really made one's ears ache. I had thought, in my ignorance, that these were all the children of the poorer classes who had turned out to greet us. I was wrong. "I don't see my daughter," said Mr. Omori, the Governor of Kyōtō, who was in the same carriage with me, "yet I know she is here somewhere—that is her schoolmistress." His Excellency, with Mr. Saigo, the Mayor, and everybody who was anybody in Kyōtō, had come to see us off, and the people were as loud in their demonstrations of good will as they had been when they greeted our arrival. We left Kyōtō with one more happy memory to carry with us through life.

We were to sleep that night at Nagoya, and we reached our destination at 3.30. After the usual receptions, and leaving our baggage at the Nagoya Hotel, a capital inn, by the bye, we were at once carried off sight-seeing to save our daylight.

Until the revolution Nagoya was the strong-

hold of the Princes of Owari, one of the three mighty families, descendants of Tokugawa Iyéyasu, in which the inheritance of the office of Shōgun was vested. Although by no means one of the oldest monuments of the feudal system, the Castle of Nagoya is certainly one of the most interesting. Even its birth was instructive, as showing the great power which Iyéyasu wielded, for it was built in the first years of the seventeenth century by a number of Daimyōs, vassals of the great Shōgun, as a suitable gift for one of his sons. Twenty of these feudatory lords at their own expense dug the moats and built the massive walls, with their castellated buildings. The great central tower, which still rears its five stories high into the skies, was the gift of one man, and when it was finished he put upon its curved pagoda-like roof the two famous golden Shachihoko, with their silver eyes, the mystic fishes of a Buddhist legend, which seem to mount guard upon the keep, shining like beacons far away in the distance. Made of pure gold, standing more than eight feet high—worth, as Mr. Chamberlain tells us, some £36,000—these two fishes are the pride of Nagoya. One of them was sent to the Exhibition

of Vienna in 1873. Great was the consternation in the town when, on the homeward voyage, the ship carrying it was wrecked; but it was recovered, and replaced on its lofty station, where it now faces its mate once more.

Wandering through one of their great fortress-palaces, one can form some idea of the state in which these great lords lived. Their abodes were typical of the feudal system the world over. The vast moated and fortified enclosure which surrounded the keep contained the barracks for the soldiers and men-at-arms; houses for the Karō, literally "elders of the house," who were the Prince's counsellors, themselves hereditary, with a whole official hierarchy of retainers of greater or lesser magnitude. If it be true that there is no man so small but what he can find some other man worse off than himself to do service for him, it was nowhere truer than under the feudal system; and so it came to pass that these great castles became veritable warrens for the creatures of the great man and for the creatures' creatures: while, as in Europe in the mediæval times, the merchant and the artisan built their houses close under the castle walls for protection from marauders, noble and ignoble, and so the town was formed.

Living in his own quarters in beautifully decorated rooms—rooms such as I have described elsewhere, lavishly gilt, and furnished with screens and sliding doors panelled with the masterpieces of famous artists, but in which warmth and comfort were unknown,—the lord of all this magnificence must have passed the dullest of days: of society, as it is understood to-day, he had absolutely none. He was surrounded by the pomp of State, but he had all its cares as a set-off, and he was fettered by the inexorable laws of an etiquette the complications of which must have been one of the most ingenious forms of torture ever devised by the wit of man. I cannot but think that the Japanese noble of to-day is in a far more enviable position than was his father a generation ago. His castle has probably been turned into a public office, but he lives more comfortably and with greater freedom of action in a private gentleman's house; he receives a modest percentage of his former income, but his retainers are dispersed, his army no longer clamours for pay; and he has the satisfaction of knowing that those energies which formerly went, at most, to promote the petty interest of his own Daimyate, are now fused into a mighty unit which has

raised his country to a foremost place in the world.

The Daimyō, as he existed in the days of the Shōguns, was a most picturesque figure, possessing an interest which, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, was altogether unique in the world. But it was precisely the fact of being an anachronism which invested him with that archaic interest which all of those Europeans who came in contact with him felt so intensely. He was a relic of a bygone age. Politically, outside the boundaries of his own province he was a cypher. Even there it often happened that the nominal Prince was a mere puppet, who must dance according as some Karō, or other leading Samurai, pulled the strings. But in the commonwealth he had neither voice nor part. In the country as a whole, the Shōgun was supreme, and though his writ might hardly run among such clans as those of Satsuma, Chōshiu, Tosa, still even those mighty chiefs had to attend his Court in Yedo (Tōkyō), and to leave hostages for their good behaviour. It was no wonder that the great territorial nobles fretted under this galling yoke. Yet this state of things might have gone on indefinitely had their eyes not been opened by

intercourse with foreigners to the right understanding of a political system under which, since the days of Yoritomo, eight hundred years before, they had been kept in a splendid thraldom. Small wonder that they gave up the shadow for the substance, and were willing to cast away their principalities and their power, such as they were, provided only that the rule of the Shōgun should come to an end. There was but one way to effect that object, and they chose it. As a first step towards establishing a constitutional government the Mikado must be restored to power. The rest, they said, would come. It did come.

But all these things have little to do with what is a mere journal.

We clambered up to the top of the great tower and had a wide view over the fair lands of the Lords of Owari, and in the far distance, at least a hundred miles away, there was just perceptible the faintest of outlines, the very ghost of a mountain, but that mountain was Fuji, the incomparable.

Nagoya is famous for its manufacture of cloisonné enamel, and when we got back to our inn we found that the kind people had brought samples of their ware for us to see, and even

insisted on our carrying off some specimens as recollections of our visit.

Cloisonné enamel has gone through great changes in Japan during the last thirty or forty years. The designs in favour during the years 1865 to 1870 were mainly Chinese. Now the Nagoya vases are altogether European in style, with very realistic representations of flowers, such as irises, lilies, chrysanthemums, and others.

Very little cloisonné enamel found its way to Europe from the Far East until the sacking of the Summer Palace near Peking in 1860, when great sums were paid for the loot that was brought back. The Chinese fix the invention of cloisonné during the reign of the Emperor Ching Tai of the Ming dynasty, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Some authorities go so far as to say that the Emperor worked at it himself, as Louis XVI. did at locksmithery, and Peter the Great at boat-building. At any rate, it is still called in China Ching Tai Lan, "Ching Tai's blue," or more vulgarly Fa Lan Ti, "that which puts forth blue." Some of the best specimens were made in the reign of the Tartar Emperor Chien Lung, 1736-1796, and it was these pieces that attracted so much attention after 1860.

After Chien Lung's reign the art seems to have gone out of fashion, for it fell into decadence and was no more carried on. But the prices fetched at Christie's brought it to life again both in China and in Japan. The earlier pieces made in Japan were by no means equal to the Chinese either in colour or design. The Japanese had not the trick of the beautiful harmonious colouring, the secrets of which had lain by locked up in old Chinese cupboards for the best part of a century, but which had never been lost. Hence, probably, the Japanese artists adopted a new style of their own, which they have been at great pains to work up, and of which the Nagoya men are supposed to be the best exponents.

The theatre at Nagoya is one of the prettiest that I have seen in Japan. The hall was beautifully decorated, coloured electric lights and the flags of the two nations, of course, playing a prominent part, while all around the walls there was a display of dwarf trees and flower arrangements in porcelain pots and vases which would have been worthy of a palace. In these surroundings an entertainment had been prepared for Prince Arthur, of which the following is the playbill :—

PROGRAMME of DANCE and PLAY given in Honour of His Royal Highness PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

DANCE

BEAUTIES OF FLOWERS IN FOUR SEASONS

Spring . . . . YAYOI NO SONO
(The garden of the Cherry Blossoms)

Summer . . . YUKARI NO YATSUHASHI
(The colour of the Lilies)

Autumn . . . CHIKUSA NO NISHIKI
(The field of Autumn)

Winter . . . . SHISHI NO KOTOBUKI
(The life of the Lion, Great Britain, live for ever)

PLAY

HISTORICAL PLAY OF MICHIZANÉ SUGAWARA

SCENE—*Before the Shrine of Yoshida in Kyōtō*

ROLES

TOKIHIRA FUJIWARA, the Minister of the Left, by Kitsusaturo Arai.

First Attendant—MATSUŌMARU, by Gausleo Arasi.

Second Attendant—SUGIŌMARU, by Dansaburo Ichikawa.

First Attendant—UMEŌMARU of Michizané Sugawara, by Ichizo Ichikawa.

Second Attendant—SAKURAMARU, by Hirosaburo Arasi.

Many other Servants.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLAY

The following event took place a little over a thousand years ago.

Michizané Sagawara, the Minister of the Right, renowned for wisdom and justice, is banished to Tsakushi by the false accusation of his colleague, Tokihira Fujiwara, the Minister of the Left. The two faithful vassals of Michizané, Umeōmaru and Sakuramaru, while with difficulty trying to convey the family of their master to the place of his banishment, unexpectedly meet Tokihira, their master's false accuser, in royal state paying a homage at the shrine of Yoshida.

Umeōmaru and Sakuramaru are much enraged at the sight of their master's enemy in this haughty attitude, and attempt to obstruct the Tokihira's procession, whereupon Matsuōmaru, the first attendant of Tokihira, who happens to be the brother of Umeōmaru and Sakuramaru, and, moreover, was in former time a servant of Michizané, yet in obedience to his loyal duty overcomes his brotherly feeling and Umeōmaru and Sakuramaru to make a way for his master.

N.B.—Matsuōmaru is the eldest of the three brothers, Umeōmaru the second, and Sakuramaru the youngest.

I have transcribed the playbill and "explanation" exactly as they were furnished to us by our hosts.

The dancing was as skilful as graceful, and as ingeniously conceived as any that we had seen; and as for the dresses of the girls, they were quite magnificent. The acting was very characteristic. The two avenging brothers, their heads covered and their faces entirely hidden by huge baskets coming down to their shoulders, after the manner of Samurai of the olden time when out on deeds of derring do, swaggered in the most reckless

style. Their threats and challenges were uttered with all the tones and semitones from deepest bass to highest falsetto, which beseem the stage warrior in Japan, and the whole performance was instinct with the spirit of antiquity. Considering that this was a play given in a country theatre, the success was amazing.

I have rarely seen anything prettier in the way of stage effect than the scenery, especially the setting of the four seasons, which gave the opportunity for a succession of beautiful pictures. There was one scene which was especially realistic, and in which the poetry of a moon-lit landscape was rendered with consummate art.

To one feature of the entertainment I must allude, for it showed how carefully in every little detail our hosts had watched over the comfort of their guests. In the body of the hall a green carpet had been laid, as we were told, "that the Prince's eyes might be rested from looking at the brightness of the stage." Indeed, when the geishas came trooping in, in Indian file, along a little raised platform on one side of the pit, and took their places on the stage, the gold brocade of their dresses and girdles and the bright scene were quite dazzling.

The audience was as noteworthy as the performance. All the chief people of the town were present with their wives, and with the exception, I think, of one European gentleman, all wore the old dress of Japan. This of itself was, in these days, quite a distinctive feature, and gave a special character to the entertainment. But the most touching thing in the whole evening was something long to be remembered. Every lady present had pinned over her heart a single rose—the Rose of England! Could there be a prettier or more graceful fancy? Would any other nation have imagined it? Several of the leading ladies were presented to the Prince by the Governor, who acted as interpreter. It was pretty to see these ladies, when Prince Arthur thanked them for the compliment, bow, gravely and decorously, as beseems dames of quality, but yet evidently delighted that their charming thought had not missed its effect.

When we left the theatre we found that the streets had been illuminated brilliantly, and with such results as these masters of decoration have the secret of. Festoons of electric lamps hung from house to house, and great use was made of lanterns, each bearing in red a single letter spelling

the word which at every step we were made to feel—Welcome.

The night had a sad ending. Shortly after we got back to the hotel a fire broke out in a street adjoining the theatre which we had just left. There was no wind, as good luck would have it, but these wood and paper houses burn like tinder, and twenty-six families were homeless before the firemen could master the flames. Happily no life was lost.

Tuesday, March 13.—There is much that is interesting, both old and new, at Nagoya, much that we should have liked to have seen; besides, the people are so kind and hospitable that it is a pleasure to be with them. That, however, is a characteristic of which they have no monopoly; it is common all over Japan. Unfortunately it was impossible for us to remain; we were due at Tōkyō to dine with the Marquis Saionji, the Prime Minister, at eight o'clock, so we had to make an early start.

There was, of course, the usual gathering of people to see us off—generals, officials of all branches of the service, school children with their never-flagging enthusiasm, the ladies of the roses of the night before, nurses in their white caps and

aprons, made up a crowd, smaller, indeed, than that at Kyōtō, but not one whit less demonstrative; and so we set out, Eastward Ho!

When we passed through this country a fortnight ago, the weather was so wretched that we could not realise its beauty. The mountains were all veiled in mist, the wind was howling, the rain was falling in sheets, and few things are more dismal than sloppy rice-fields into which rain is plashing. Such poor husbandmen as were forced to face the misery of it all were clad in their grass raincoats, with huge waterproof hats of plaited bamboo, looking like overgrown mushrooms. To-day all was changed. The sun was shining brightly, the landscape was at its best for the time of year, and we could look out of window at the weather without that feeling of contented superiority which makes one thank Heaven that one's lot is not as that of other men. We could appreciate the richness of the tea plantations, and the fat fields round Shidzuoka. A few of the plum-trees, and here and there a camellia in blossom, lent a prettiness to the farmers' houses. A tinge of green, hardly more than a fancy as yet, was beginning to make itself felt. A goodly fief indeed were these lands of the Tokugawa

family. Even the waters brought tribute to them, for the bays and arms of the sea which ripple in at intervals, almost up to the very doors of the houses, are famous for their fish, and the amadai is a delicacy fit for an Emperor's table. When we were going westward the boats were all drawn up, lying in idleness on the shingle of the beach; to-day their white wings were fluttering over the countless smiles of the sea, the deep blue of which was almost matched by that of the distant mountains. It was one of those happy and fascinating pictures which only Japan in her best moods can show, and which have inspired her poets and painters with such delicate fancies.

As we rolled on towards the East the sky began to darken—never enough to conceal the rugged shapes and fantastic peaks of the mountains, but dressing them in that dark and mysterious gloom out of which the dragon of the fable used to come spreading terror over the quaking land. Nearing the high land the scene became wild and inhospitable. Here and there, near some lonely peasant's cottage, a patch of land had been reclaimed for a hardly-to-be-won crop. Boulders of rock hindered the course of a mountain stream fighting its way down to the sea from the melting snows of the

Hakoné range. A solitary figure, rod in hand, was whipping the likely pools where a fat trout might lurk under the shadow of the great stones. Above all towered the mighty hills tossed up in mad shapes by the hidden flames which still cause sulphur to seethe and water to boil at the bidding of the unappeased Fire-god. The rays of the evening sun were casting lurid lights upon the purple clouds, blazing every now and then into tongues of fire, and illuminating a scene fit for a demon's orgies. It is not to be wondered at that all this district should be the home of legend and of fairy lore. Here it was that the heroes of the houses of Gen and Hei, the warriors of the Japanese Wars of the Roses, were visited by heavenly beings, and saw visions not to be seen by ordinary mortals. As in the old days of Troy, so in the great battles that took place here, the Gods themselves took sides, and furnished those whom they favoured with invincible arms. It must have been out of some such cloud as those yonder that the fairy, radiant with the glory of the skies, came down upon earth to visit the sleeping prince, warworn and despairing, bringing him the charmed bow and arrows with which on the morrow he went forth to victory.

Verily the country through which we travelled this afternoon is rich in stories sacred and profane. For if there are tales of battle and bloodshed, there are also more peaceful traditions. Saints and holy monks have passed this way, and their traces are even more revered by the pious country folk than those of turbulent princes and knights. Miracles have been performed, signs have been given. Let him who doubts see for himself the sculptured rocks miraculously wrought into holy images in a single night by hands possessed of more than mortal powers.

We reached Tōkyō about six o'clock, in comfortable time to dress for dinner with the Prime Minister.

The Marquis Saionji had prepared for us a magnificent banquet in the Japanese fashion, and, as at the dinner of the Mayor of Kyōtō, the waiting was done entirely by the pick of the smartest geishas in Tōkyō. There were not many guests beyond our own party, with General Kuroki, Admiral Tōgō, and the other Japanese gentlemen who were attached to Prince Arthur's suite; but I was glad to find there my old friend Count Inouyé, always cheery, always laughing, and full of wit. We spent a most agreeable

evening. The little ladies were endowed with all the charm and grace for which they are famous, and of course their dancing, which began as soon as the first courses of the dinner were over, was of the very best. One of these fair maids of Shimbashi, Akiko San, had been sent for specially as she could speak a little English, of which she was very proud, and she made the most of it. What an advantage it gave her over her play-fellows, who must have been bursting with envy when they saw her chatting away as if she had been used to associate with foreign Princes and Potentates all her life! Wonderful are the changes in a geisha's demeanour during the course of an evening. At first she is reserved, demure, and very respectful to your lordships; presently she is all fun and merriment; but when it is her turn to dance or sing she changes again as if by magic, and it is hard to recognise in the solemn, pathetic figure, treading a measure inspired by some tragic poem, the laughing girl who a moment before was gossiping so gaily, as, with a profound reverence, she offered you the cup of hot saké.

Men of the highest position take part in these feasts, either as hosts or guests, and it has happened, not seldom to my knowledge, that they have

brought together eminent politicians or grave men of business for the discussion of affairs of the highest importance. It may seem strange that political changes of deep moment, or financial operations involving millions, should be debated to the accompaniment of koto and samisen; but so it has been. Important agreements have been initiated in that way in the past, and doubtless will be again—the details, of course, remaining to be worked out elsewhere.

And yet, I believe that to this day there are people in Europe who take an utterly false view of such entertainments. They think that because dancing and singing girls are present, therefore the feast is necessarily bound to degenerate into something like what they have themselves seen in the lowest quarters of some Algerian town, or at a fourth-rate Indian nautch. They cannot realise the fact that these dances are all founded upon motives poetical and classic—tragic as the death of Patroclus, tender as the love of Œnone. You might as well seek for a comic element in a chorus of the *Agamemnon* as in a dance such as the Miyako-Odori; and although, when her performance is over, the geisha will pledge you in a cup of wine, and esteem it a compliment to be invited

to do so, yet will the courtesy be as ceremonious as the passing of the loving-cup at a Lord Mayor's banquet.

Let me, who will see her never again, add my humble stone to the cairn of admiration which has been raised in honour of the grace, distinction, and charm of the Japanese geisha. Her dignity, her naïveté, her ladylike manners, her wit and readiness of repartee, are as great as her professional skill in dance and song. When the last chord has been struck, when the courtly obeisance has been made, and she glides away with all the stateliness of a grande dame, I for one cannot help feeling indignant with those who, when Japan was only known by what took place in the open ports, so cruelly misrepresented a class of which they had heard but which they never saw, and which in their ignorance they confounded with something quite different.

The Marquis Saionji and his brother the Marquis Tokudaiji, now Grand Chamberlain, belong to one of the families of the Kugés or nobles of the Court of Kyōtō which came to the front in the great Revolution. There is nothing surprising in the fact of their obtaining high office, but the career of their younger brother is a note-

worthy illustration of the social upheaval which took place at that time. It must be remembered that the Kugés, although deprived for centuries of all political power, regarded themselves, and indeed were looked upon by the whole country, as the very bluest blood in the land. Many of their families, indeed, traced their ancestry to former Mikados. They looked upon the Shōguns and the greatest Daimyōs as mere upstarts, the children of soldiers of fortune. How much more, then, must they have despised the merchants and the men of money, who, under the old order of things, were considered as inferior to the very peasants who tilled the land? Yet when the great political crash came, a Tokudaiji wisely thought it not beneath him to accept adoption into the family of Sumitomo, the great bankers, copper and coal-mine owners of Ōsaka. A more startling revolution of ideas it would be difficult to imagine. It is in Japan as it has been in England for the last hundred and fifty years. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the young nobility has gone into the city to seek a fortune." The change did not suit the iron-bound ideas of the old Tory sage, but it was the necessary outcome of modern developments, and it has penetrated to the far East. Nor is that all.

In progressive Japan trade has not been ignored in the distribution of patents of nobility. The representatives of the Mitsui family of bankers, and the Iwasaki house of bankers and shipowners, have been created barons, while many a family of more ancient blood has been left in obscurity.

I sat next to our host, and had much interesting talk with him. The changes which have taken place during the last forty years furnish never-failing topics for discussion. It would ill become me to repeat a private conversation, especially when my interlocutor was a man holding the important position occupied by His Excellency. There was, however, one subject which we talked over to which I think I may without indiscretion allude.

For some few years past there has been in Japan an association, the "Romaji hirogé Kai," the object of which is to substitute the Roman alphabet for the Chinese character, and the Kana or syllabary based upon that character, which have been in use for so many centuries. I had been asked in London by a Japanese friend in a high position to do what I could during my stay in Japan to further the views of this society, and I was anxious to know the opinion of the Marquis,

the more so as he has filled the office of Minister of Public Instruction. The objections to retaining the Chinese writing are many. First and foremost, there is the enormous waste of time in acquiring a mastery of it. The dictionary compiled under the auspices of the great Emperor Kâng Hsi, in the seventeenth century, contains some forty thousand characters, and although a quarter of that number would represent the stock of the most learned scholar, and perhaps six thousand would suffice even most official requirements, still the difficulty remains a colossal effort of mental energy, which might be better employed in other directions. Secondly, the Chinese character renders impossible the use of such modern necessities of life as the "Tape" and the typewriter. There is no need to insist upon the importance of that objection. Thirdly, there is the formidable obstacle which the ideographic writing sets up between Japanese and foreigners. That perhaps is a barrier which affects us more than it does Japan. For the Japanese student can easily master our twenty-four letters, whereas the European student sees a great hopeless wall of hindrance between himself and all literary communion with the Japanese.

At first sight it would seem as if the proposi-

tion was one of sound common sense, to which there could be no possible objection. But, as usual, there are two sides to the question—there are difficulties in the way.

First, there is the sentimental difficulty of tradition; that is one which, wherever a good object was to be achieved, the Japanese have shown their ability and their willingness to brush away.

Secondly, if the Roman character were to be adopted the whole of the ancient literature of Japan would have to be rewritten and republished; remaining in the Chinese character the classics, the histories, the poets would obviously be sealed books to the modern student.

A third difficulty is created by the adoption into the language of a great number of Chinese words—a tendency which during the last few years has been largely on the increase—which can only be distinguished in writing by a special ideographic character or sign. For instance, when the new orders of nobility were created in 1887 the Japanese adopted the five Chinese titles, Kung, Hou, Pò, Tsŭ, Nan, which the Japanese pronounce Kō, Kō, Haku, Shi, Dan, and which have been translated as Duke or Prince, Marquis, Count, Viscount, Baron. It will be seen that the

two first both become Kō when written in our own character. How to distinguish between them? How differentiate between a duke or prince and a marquis? The Chinese signs representing them are perfectly different, and the distinction is easy. This difficulty is a very serious one, for there are a vast number of cases in which it would have to be overcome, but it is not a hopeless one; if it led to a reaction in favour of the pure Japanese language instead of the bastard Chinese now in vogue, it would be, in the opinion of many competent scholars, a great gain.

I think that this gives in brief a fairly impartial statement of the arguments for and against the proposed change. The entanglements are intricate, and the army which defends the existing position is a formidable one. But there is great strength in the attacking force, and I was glad to find that the Marquis Saionji is on the Roman side. His Excellency, whether in or out of office, exercises such influence that his adhesion is a matter of the greatest importance.

In considering the difficulties in the way of this change, it must be remembered that there is not one of them which amounts to an impos-

sibility, and that in the opinion of many profound Japanese scholars it can and ought to be brought about. Two days later I had a conversation with Professor Takakusu, who occupies the chair of Sanskrit in the University of Tōkyō, to whom the Japanese Ambassador in London, Viscount Hayashi, had given a letter of introduction for me, in order that we might talk over this very subject. Professor Takakusu is a red-hot enthusiast and a powerful advocate in the cause of the adoption of the alphabet. He takes a very hopeful view of the question, but it is certain that there will be a strong opposition to the change.

In the meantime the Marquis Saionji has promised me that, as a first experiment, he will cause some short novel or popular tale to be printed in Roman letters; this will be a valuable trial, and if it succeeds will go far to settle the matter. The last thing which His Excellency said to me when I took leave of him at the railway station on leaving Tōkyō was, "I shall not forget my promise about the Romaji." With men so distinguished in politics and literature as the Marquis Saionji, Viscount Hayashi, Professor Takakusu, and others in its favour, the adoption of the Romaji must be only a matter of time. It

is something more than a mere academic question. It has become a political necessity.

It was late when we thanked the Marquis for his hospitality and drove off. But even then his kindness had not come to an end, for, after the good old Japanese custom, dishes of delicacies from the feast had been sent home to us; the host sees to it that those of a household who have been left behind shall have some share of his cakes and dainties, and that there shall be no "poor lion" (or lioness) "that has not got a Christian."

Wednesday, March 14.—Everybody has read of the beauties of Nikkō: most people have heard of the jingling rhyme which forbids a man to use the word "kekkô" (magnificent, delicious, the highest form of praise) until he has seen it. I, who have now been three times in Japan, have never seen it. Fate has cast a spell upon me; something has always happened to prevent me. The Prince and several of the party went off there this morning, and I, having business in Tōkyō, with only this one day in which to do it, remained behind; my tomb must carry this inscription—

He might not say kekkô!

My disappointment is as great as that of the old peasant of whom poor Nadaud sang, "Il n'a jamais vu Carcassonne!"

In the morning I had a visit from Mr. Suzuki, a director of the Yokohama Nursery Gardeners' Company, who came to bring me a list of the beautiful new plants which they have introduced. I spent a most interesting hour with him, and was only sorry when it came to an end. At eleven I had to drive out to the temple of Kaianji, to the beautiful grounds of which men flock in the late autumn to see the glory of the maples—the "brocade" of the maples, according to the fanciful Japanese term—a beautiful spot overlooking the Bay of Tōkyō and the now dismantled forts which the Shōgun vainly built to keep the western barbarian out of his capital. It is a lovely drive, past many famous spots: the shrine-crowned hill of Atago, with its steep flight of steps, almost perpendicular for men, and an easier ascent for women; the glorious tombs of Shiba, where so many of the great lords of the Tokugawa family are buried; Takanawa, the suburb where the British Minister once was lodged; Goten-Yama, the pretty hill where the Legation was to have had its permanent home,

had not the building in course of construction been wrecked and burnt by a band of Rōnins, one of whom (so have times changed!) now wears the cross of the Order of the Bath upon his breast, and is one of England's best friends.

The object of my pilgrimage to Kaianji was to visit the tombs of two friends of former days who lie buried in its cemetery.

Iwakura Kō was one of the nobles of the Court, and a man conspicuous for his ability and for the part which he played in the revolution. Although a Kugé, he was not by birth one of the foremost of those exalted personages; it was by his own energy and talents that he rose to the front rank. He was one of the first of the courtiers with whom we came in contact, and he at once made the most favourable impression upon the Foreign Ministers, who quickly recognised the fact that in him they had to deal with a man of no ordinary calibre. He became one of the leaders of the new order of things, and although Prince Sanjo, also a Kugé, was by reason of his high rank nominally the first Minister, it was Iwakura Kō who with others really held the tiller, and was certainly in effect the most important of those Kugés who joined

hands with the Daimyōs and their party. He was a man of broad and liberal views, and during his Embassy to Europe in 1872 took high rank as a diplomatist.

Close by the grave of Iwakura Kō is that of Count Térashima, who was also a prominent figure in the days of the restoration; like so many of the leaders in the great movement, he was a Samurai of the Satsuma clan; early in life he had been a doctor, but he deserted medicine for politics, and ultimately became Minister of Foreign Affairs. I knew him both before and after the revolution, and was pretty constantly in his society. There were several questions which I was deputed by Sir Harry Parkes to settle with him, and so we became intimate. When I left the Legation in 1870 his words of farewell were among the kindest which I received.

Reverence for the graves of the dead, and the touching belief that the dead man's spirit, ever present, takes a delight in the simple attentions of the living, are a beautiful feature in the Japanese character. I went to see several graves. Before every one I saw a little tribute of flowers, fresh and bright, or a sprig or two of some evergreen shrub, in their little jars, placed there by

pious hands for the delight of the dead who are yet cherished in the hearts of those who loved them. How could I do less than pay my humble tribute to the memory of those who had been good friends in very troublous times? Thus it came to pass that this last day in Tōkyō was devoted to this same purpose, for in the afternoon the Marquis Daté came to take me to the cemetery near Uyéno, where his grandfather is buried.

Daté Kō, when I first knew him, had resigned the Daimyate of Uwajima in favour of his son and become Inkyō. He cast his lot in with the Princes of Satsuma, Chōshiu and Tosa, and became one of the most loyal and devoted adherents of the Mikado's party. He, like Count Térashima, became at one time Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was a great gentleman, one for whom we foreigners conceived the highest respect. Blessed with the kindliest disposition, always courteous, always hospitable, he was one of the most pleasing of men, and one for whom it was impossible not to feel a real affection. There was a welcome in his eyes and in his smile which won you over at once.

The frock-coat is the despair of sculptors—witness Parliament Square. There stands in

Tōkyō, in one of the most beautiful spots of the city, a statue of Count Gotō. It is of heroic size. The dress chosen is the frock-coat. The pity of it! For the greater part of his life Count Gotō wore the robes of a Samurai. These, at any rate, would have lent themselves to artistic treatment, and I would, if I had the opportunity, very humbly suggest the question whether in the future it would not be well for the Japanese sculptor to discard a costume which, in European art, is deplored as an unhappy necessity, but which here might be so easily avoided. In any case, and in any dress, we Englishmen are glad that there should be a memorial of this trusty friend. I have already related how, when we were attacked at Kyōtō on our way to Court in 1868, Gotō Shōjirō, as he then was, sprang from his horse and killed one of the ruffians who were rushing at Sir Harry Parkes. There are few men of that day who would have hailed with greater joy the alliance of his country with England; for he was one of the first of the leaders of the new political school to hold out his hand to the strangers from the West, and he remained their consistent friend to the end. Now, alas! he sleeps in the great cemetery of the Aoyama. As I stood by his grave I could

not help thinking of the last occasion on which I saw him. It was in 1873, when I went to Japan for the second time. He was then in the Ministry, and we had been thrown much together. I was to leave Tōkyō the next day, and he had arranged a dinner for me, to which he had invited several of the leading men of that time. There was music and dancing, and one of those competitions in poetry which used to be the delight of the lettered men of Japan. How bright and merry it all was, and with what applause a brilliantly turned stanza or a masterpiece of beautiful handwriting would be acclaimed! Of that peaceful tournament, in which I was, of course, only a spectator, I believe that I am the only survivor; but one of the gems of that night's compositions was given to me, and it is still one of my treasured possessions.

When the roll-call of warriors shall be read out at the sacred feasts of the heroes of Valhalla, surely one of the first to be hailed as brave among the braves will be Hirosé. During the late war many hundreds, many thousands of dauntless men went to meet their death,—death in the conning-towers and casemates by sea; death in saps and mines and accursed wire entanglements by land. Cheered by the spirit of Bushidō, knowing no

fear, freely laying down their lives for country and for sovereign, they set an example of valour for generations to come. But among all the doughty deeds that were done during those terrible months of deadly struggle, Hirosé's two returns to the ship which, with such peril, he had succeeded in placing to block and lock the enemy's fleet in the harbour of Port Arthur, are crowned by his countrymen with a halo of glory that nothing can dim. The flashlights were playing upon him when his boat left the ship. A midshipman was missing. To return was almost certain death : no matter! He must go back. The poor lad lay dead upon the deck. By a miracle the brave man escaped. In safety he reached the boat, but he became aware that he had left his sword behind him. In the famous legacy of Iyéyasu, translated by Mr. Lowder, a code of rules drawn up for the guidance of his successors and their Ministers, it is written : "The girded sword is the living soul of the Samurai. In the case of a Samurai forgetting his sword, act as is appointed ; it may not be overlooked." Could a man like Hirosé be parted from his sword—from his soul? Once more he climbed on to the fatal ship ; this time to return no more ; the Russian aim was too deadly. His

mangled remains were carried to Tōkyō and buried here on the Aoyama, the Green Hill. A whole people mourned his loss. Never will his name be forgotten; he will live in song and in story, the darling of all those who cherish the old spirit of chivalry, the "Way of the Warrior."

Let him who would know what Bushidō means to the Japanese visit the tomb of some famous warrior—that of Saigo at Kagoshima, or that of Hirosé on the Green Hill of Tōkyō. It may be a busy day, and there may be no man in the Shin Den—God's field. Yet will some pious soul have been there before him, and have left a loving tribute of flowers before what is rather a sacred shrine than a mere grave, a reliquary rather than a resting-place for the dead. Maybe he will see, as I did, a young mother come with her children, the babe slung on her back, the five-year-old son led by the hand. Reverently she will make her obeisance to the spirit of the dead, and in hushed tones she will tell her little man of the mighty hero's deeds, hoping that he too may be stirred to earn fame as a noble Samurai. And the child, listening awe-struck, will drink in the thrilling tale, and when he goes back to his school, his mates, and his drill, every dull task will have a fresh and

inspiriting meaning for him, and he will say to himself, "This must be done well, that better may be done hereafter. To me also it may be given to die for my country." For that end even the tender mother will not grudge his life; of such stuff are Japanese women made.

To die—that is the point. That is why the story of a Nelson moves the people more than that of a Marlborough or a Wellington. The battle of Abraham's Plain, though its results were beyond count, and the conception was grandly imagined and grandly carried out, was, when it came to blows, a mere tussle of gladiators. But Wolfe and Montcalm died, and their death cast a glamour over what a great general once called in my hearing "a vulgar fight, without scheme or strategy." We may be sure that it was in no wise as sightseers only that this year the Japanese sailors visited the tomb of Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral, nor was their tribute of a wreath an idle or ceremonial act of courtesy. To them Nelson is the incarnation of Bushidō, the Way of the Warrior, and his death in the hour of victory its highest award. When they stood by the great admiral's grave they felt the real presence of his spirit welcoming them, and accepting a homage

which those who understand them best know to have come from the heart. Perhaps even there, in a strange temple in a foreign land, they too may have uttered the warrior's prayer, "May our end be as was his!"

Let no man think that Bushidō is a vain thing. It is the soul of a nation. You cannot kill the soul.

Thursday, March 16.—There can be few sadder experiences in life than that of revisiting after many lustres a place where you were once young and happy and rich in friends. The place is changed, the friends all gone. You are told that the town has grown, that it is greatly improved, that stone buildings have sprung up where formerly there were only wooden bungalows. Yes. But every bungalow contained a welcome—the stone houses contain heaven knows whom! Such a place to me is Yokohama, whither I went this morning with Sir Edward Seymour. I could hardly find my way about. Once past the Benten Dōri, the famous street in which are all the native shops, selling silk, lacquer, porcelain, and all manner of curiosities, all was strange to me. Truly, on the Bund there were still left a few houses that seemed very familiar. But the tenants, the old

well-known names! Dead long since, or scattered over the face of the earth, taking no more heed in dealings in tea, silk, or silkworm's eggs, caring nothing for a rise or fall in the price of shirtings —themselves as much a thing of the past as the Nibu Kin[1] in which they used to gamble. There are, doubtless, good men and true here now as there were of old, but I know them not, and it is the privilege of age to say in the words of Holy Writ, "There were giants in those days."

We tarried in Yokohama no longer than was needful for us to finish some small business that we had to do, being forced to hurry back to Tōkyō to join the Prince on his return from Nikkō, for there was to be a luncheon at our Palace to the Cambridge Society, a company of fifty or sixty Japanese gentlemen who had received their education at the English universities, and we must be present.

We found the Prince and his fellow-pilgrims just arrived, all full of praise of the beauties of the wonderful place; and once more I had to give ear, tantalised, to enthusiastic descriptions of its glories —the beauty of the scenery, the picturesque setting

[1] Nibu-Kin, a gilt token coin in which, during the sixties, there used to be large speculative transactions.

of the temples in which the two great Shōguns lie, the mountain gorge, the cryptomeria avenue, all the marvels of art and nature on which travellers from the West have spent their store of adjectives for many a long year. In the earlier days of our intercourse with Japan, Nikkō was as inaccessible to a European as Mecca to a Christian or a Jew, and it was thought no small matter when Sir Harry Parkes, about the year 1868 or 1869, obtained permission to visit the hallowed tombs. He would have taken me with him, but, as ill luck would have it, he had sent me on a special mission to Ōsaka; so I missed a chance which never came again. Now who pleases may go there, staying in a quite first-rate hotel, surrounded by a whole colony of curiosity-sellers, who reap a goodly harvest out of the foreign visitor. With jealous ears I listen to those more fortunate Christians who have seen the Kaabah and kissed the black stone.

Time and storms have, so it seems, done much damage at Nikkō, and the famous red lacquer bridge has disappeared, washed away a few years ago by a great flood. But repairs are actively going on, and the Japanese will never allow so beautiful and so famous a sanctuary to fall

permanently into decay. There was a time at the beginning of the present order of things when a dangerous spirit of vandalism was in the ascendant—when the destruction of works of art connected in any way with the rule of the Shōguns was deemed among a certain class to be an act of patriotism, the proof of devotion to the Sovereign. Better counsels now prevail, and the legacies of the great masters are nowhere treated with greater respect than they are in Japan.

There was not much time to cross-examine the travellers on their adventures in the sacred groves, for our guests were arriving and must be attended to. All of them were distinguished men who have made their mark, and kept up the best traditions of the English universities in the far-away land of their birth. They do not waste their time, these Japanese students; they are no milksops, as we have seen, and they are ready enough to play their part in any game, whether of war or peace. But when they work they work, and education is to them something as sacred as religion itself. They do not look upon Oxford and Cambridge as places where a lad may go to amuse himself, idling away six months in each of three consecutive years, learning the art of living

beyond his means; at the best, if he have thews and muscles, gaining some credit in games or on the river. They have an old-fashioned idea, quite out of date with the bulk of our youngsters, that these are venerable homes of learning, founded long since by pious men for study, for the formation, not of the body only, but of the mind. Students they are, earnest determined students, carrying with them into the schools the same spirit, the same resolve to conquer, that they show in the battlefield; and so it is that they take home with them at the end of their time something better worth having than a slip of dark or pale blue ribbon, or the reproduction of a photograph of themselves cut out of an illustrated newspaper.

A gathering of the Cambridge Society of Japan is, therefore, an assembly of gentlemen highly cultivated, not only in the learning of their own country, but also in those branches of study which are taught in our universities, and the conversation is perhaps more varied in such a group of men than it is in any similar body in the world. Questions of science, questions of letters, of history, of political economy, of philology, are discussed with just that tinge of oriental imagery which gives a spark of the divine fire to whatever

it touches, stifling pedantry and brightening the narrow dulness of the common room.

I was singularly lucky in my neighbour, for I was placed next to Baron Suyématsu, whose lectures and letters to the *Times* and other papers and magazines, French and English, have made him famous all over Europe. The last time we met was on the occasion of his reading a brilliant paper on Japanese morals at the Society of Arts, when I was in the chair. He had recently come back to his own country (just in time to see his father-in-law, Marquis Itō, before the departure of the latter for Corea), after an absence of many months utilised in making Japan better understood among the nations.

Another eminent man who was present at this luncheon was Mr. Takakusu, whom I have mentioned before in connection with the movement for adopting the Roman alphabet, the professor of Sanskrit in the University of Tōkyō. Seeing the influence which Buddhism has had upon the earlier development of their country, it is clear that the study of the pre-Buddhist civilisation of India must have a special interest for the Japanese ; the more so when it is remembered how largely the bastard Buddhism of the monks was

mixed up with that far more ancient mythology against which the teaching of Buddha himself was a protest and a rebellion, and which has had such an influence upon art both in China and Japan. The chair of Sanskrit, therefore, must always be one of great and peculiar importance in the University of Tōkyō, and it is fitting that it should be held by a disciple of Max Müller.

In the company of such men as these, and others of no less mark, the time sped fast, and it was late in the afternoon when the party broke up.

Sir Edward Seymour and I spent what remained of the daylight in a farewell visit to the Temple of Sengakuji and the tombs of the forty-seven Rōnins, which the Admiral had never seen. As usual, there was quite a stream of people filing past the graves, and few there were who did not piously bring their humble tribute of a stick of incense to burn in honour of the dead heroes. Go when you will to the temple, these graves are never deserted, and the out-house in which their effigies, carved in wood, are preserved, together with the relics connected with their deed, is never without a little crowd of reverent sight-seers.

To-night the Prince dined *en petit comité* with Prince and Princess Arisugawa. The rest of our

party stayed at home, busy with making ready for to-morrow's departure.

Friday, March 17.—All the miseries of a flitting. The great corridors of our beautiful palace were everywhere littered with trunks and bags and packages of all conceivable shapes and sizes, to fit the multiform purchases and presents which they contain. Messengers carrying notes and photographs and last words were hurrying through the passages. Odd men who had never shown their faces before, sprang up from the bowels of the cellars armed with cords and tackle of every kind for making fast boxes. Butlers, grooms of the chambers, and footmen in gorgeous liveries bore a hand, and at last all was ready. The signal was given for departure, and we went sadly down the stairs, at the foot of which Admiral Tōgō, General Kuroki, Mr. Nagasaki, and our other friends were waiting for us. The carriages drove off; the guard turned out for the last time; and the Kasumigaséki Palace, where we had been so happy, knew us no more. What wonder that we saw its gates close upon us with deep regret? We had expected great pleasure from our visit to Japan; we knew that we should be received with all kindness and honour by our

good friends and allies; but who in his wildest dreams could have foreseen the enthusiasm of our welcome? who could have expected a whole nation to turn out in thousands, nay, literally in millions, to cheer the advent of a foreign Prince? The soldiers might be paraded to present arms, the school children might be ordered out to cheer; but no one could compel the tradesmen and artisans of cities like Tōkyō, Ōsaka, Kyōtō, to crowd the streets and shout for joy over the alliance; no one could make the peasants leave their fields and flock to every station that they might hail the King of England's nephew. The worth of the welcome lay in this, that it was real and spontaneous; because it came from the heart, therefore it touched the heart. That this is chiefly due to the Emperor himself, none can doubt. Ever since his advent to the throne thirty-nine years ago he has shown himself to be a consistent and honest friend of foreigners. He has been ably seconded by statesmen of the type of Itō, and others whose names are not so familiar in the West. But if he had been hostile, their game would have been hard to play. How different it all was in the days of the Shōgun's government, the Bakufu. The Shōgun himself,

Prince Tokugawa, was always courteous, kind, and friendly ; but his Council were astute enough to see that intercourse with foreigners must lead to their own destruction—it was to their interest that Japan should remain isolated. There was also a strong anti-foreign feeling, which was fomented by certain Daimyōs and their retainers, because, as I have already pointed out, they saw that one way of achieving the ruin of the Shōgun's government was to get them into difficulties with the Western barbarians, and it was doubtless to this end that many of the troubles of our early days were called into existence. When Richardson and his party, by a mischance, came in contact with the procession of Shimadzu Saburō on the Tōkaidō in 1862, the great man had just left the Shōgun's presence in a fury of rage, and was returning to his own country full of wrath ; there is little doubt that the tragedy of that day was far more due to a desire to embroil the Shōgun than to any patriotic or fanatic hatred of foreigners. Since the restoration all has been changed. I am not aware that during the last thirty-six years there has been a single attack upon a Western. The foreigner lives and goes where he pleases ; there is absolutely no

restraint, and you may walk the streets of Tōkyō or Kyōtō in as great safety as if you were in Regent Street or on the Boulevards. It is clear, then, that to the Emperor of Japan, personally, we owe a debt of respect and gratitude, and I believe that the action of our King in sending this Mission of Prince Arthur's has been a wise recognition of that debt. One thing is certain. Quite apart from the alliance, it has been regarded in Japan as a most gracious and friendly act. It puts a fitting keystone to the arch of our relations with the Far East, and, once for all, crowns the work of such men as Sir Harry Parkes and Sir Ernest Satow. These were the thoughts which forced themselves upon me as we drove through avenue after avenue of bright, happy faces, all cheering lustily, all eager fittingly to speed the parting guests.

There was, as might have been expected, an enormous crowd at the Shimbashi station. All the Princes of the Blood were there, and all the Ministers. There were others too, like Count Inouyé and Mr. Kato, who, though for the time holding no official position, were anxious to pay their respects to the Prince, and, through him, to the King. There was a few minutes to spare—

time enough to say a word or two of thanks to each for the good friendship of which we had received such touching proofs, and then, with the guard of honour presenting arms, and the band playing "God Save the King," the train steamed out of the station. General Kuroki, Admiral Tōgō, Mr. Nagasaki, and the other gentlemen who had welcomed us on board the *Diadem* on our first coming, accompanied us to Yokohama.

We found Yokohama decked out in holiday attire. Flags and bunting were flying from every house, and every ship in harbour was dressed. The good folk of the town had determined to give the Prince a royal reception, and they had spared no pains to make the last event of his stay in Japan a great success and a happy memory. We drove through the gaily decorated streets to the Club, a larger and handsomer building than its next-door neighbour, which sufficed the wants of my day, when the community was far smaller and less important than it is now. How little I thought when I became a member in 1866 that I should come back and write my name in the Visitors' Book just forty years later! But the old Club is turned into an hotel, and of the members of my time I believe not one is left. I saw

hanging on the wall the portrait of one good old friend whom I had hoped I might have found; but he died a year or two years ago, the last of the pioneers of Yokohama. Two foreigners in all Japan I found who were there when I first came: the old order has changed with a vengeance. Well, Yokohama flourishes, and the Club would not disgrace Pall Mall. May both continue to prosper!

The event of the day was a magnificent luncheon to which the community had invited the Prince and the whole Garter Mission, together with the Japanese gentlemen attached to his suite, and the Governor with his wife. There were speeches, of course, and the chairman, Mr. Walter, proposed the Prince's health, which was drunk with enthusiasm. It is really splendid to see how vigorous and full of life the loyalty of Englishmen remains to whatever distance they may be banished by office or business. Here in this far land the King is as much beloved as he is by the crowds that wait outside his palace for hours in the hope of catching a glimpse of him as he drives out of the gates.

But we had to bid our kind entertainers farewell all too soon, for the Canadian Pacific mail-

steamer *Empress of Japan* was due to sail at three o'clock, and ships, like Louis Quatorze, brook not to be kept waiting. The skipper must not be able to say, "J'ai failli attendre."

It would be difficult indeed to imagine a more distinguished group of men than those who stood on the landing-stage at Yokohama, gathered together to bid us God-speed. There was Kuroki, the general, against whom the redoubtable Kuropatkin never was able to score a success; Tōgō, the famous admiral, the Nelson of the Sea of Japan, with Ijuin and Takarabé, the eyes and ears of the Naval Intelligence Department; Fukushima, the Argus of the Army; Utsunomiya, formerly Military Attaché in London; Mr. Asano, the heir of Geishiu; and last, not least, Mr. Nagasaki, to whom we owed so much, and whose plans, supervised, as he often told us, by the Emperor himself, had been the means of so much enjoyment. From all these gentlemen, two at least of whom are already inscribed on the roll of fame of the world, we had received such kindness and attention as made us their debtors for life. It was my good fortune to have daily relations of close intimacy with Admiral Tōgō and General Kuroki. I could wish for no greater

honour. When I bade them farewell it was sad to think that, unless some miracle should happen, I should never see those kind faces again.

There was no time for long leave-takings. We had to hurry on board. The gangway was drawn ashore, the band played "God Save the King," and the guard gave a royal salute as the screw began to turn and the stately ship moved slowly away from the jetty. As we glided out of the harbour the great guns of the men-of-war boomed out their farewell. As long as a wave of the hand could be distinguished our good friends remained upon the jetty signalling their kindly sayōnara.

Rarely indeed during our stay in Japan had Mount Fuji deigned to show itself. Jealously it had hidden itself behind a veil of snow and rain. But this was a glorious afternoon. There was not a cloud floating in the sky ; and when the sun set, the stately mountain stood out in all its majesty, a solemn mysterious mass against the fiery heaven. As it had welcomed our coming, so it revealed itself to speed our homeward way. Never did I see it grander or more imposing than on that evening. The great beautiful mountain, matchless in all the world! Where else can you

see such a cone springing twelve thousand feet and more from the very sea-level, in one graceful curve, kissing the skies? Small wonder that it should have inspired poets and painters: small wonder that men, awestruck, should have worshipped it as a God!

> Of Yamato, the land of Sunrise,
> It is the peace-giver, it is the God,
> It is the treasure.[1]

Courteous to the last, the Japanese had sent a flotilla of torpedo boats to escort the *Empress of Japan*. As night fell they steamed up in Indian file on either side of the ship, the crews, as the boats went about one by one, being drawn up on the decks, standing at attention and shouting a final *Hoga!* The cheers of the sailors were the last sound that fell upon our ears in Japanese waters.

Long, long we lingered on deck straining our eyes towards the lovely islands, and watching the shrouding of the mountains. When the last flames had died out of the opal of the sky, when Fuji and the volcano of Ōshima could no more be seen, sadly we went to our cabins.

[1] Japanese poet of the *Manyōshiu* (ninth century), quoted by W. G. Aston in his treatise on Shintō.

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APPENDIX

A SHORT JAPANESE TREATISE EXPLANATORY OF DAKYŪ, OR JAPANESE POLO

THE origin of the game "Dakyū" is not known, but has been played from an ancient period, and some time in the eighteenth century, the Tokugawa Shōgun, Yoshimuné, made it one of the pastimes for the military training of the Knight class, and advised his subjects to practise it. It has always been considered an excellent training for good horsemanship, and helped to improve the cavalry of the country. Recent experiments have shown the best results accruing therefrom, not only in enabling the rider to quickly learn the management of a horse, but in training the horses to work together quietly and well. For this reason, we are desirous of introducing the game to the public more extensively.

The following are the rules and manner of playing the game :—

I. (*a*) The ground should be in the form of a parallelogram, sixty yards long and twenty yards wide.

(*b*) Goal, or "ball-gate," and the necessary outfit, such as scoring-balls, a gong and a drum, a ball-receiving net (a pocket for the goal), large

and small flags, are to be arranged as shown in the diagram.

(*c*) Distance between the goal and railing.

A railing should be erected in front of and at a distance of from four to eight yards from the goal—the distance varying according to the skill of the players, for the shorter the distance, the easier it becomes to throw in the ball.

(*d*) Balls:—There are two kinds of balls: one is called the "Hiramari" and the other the "Agemari." Both should be $1\frac{7}{10}$ inches in diameter and weigh 406 grains (Troy weight).

The number of the "Hiramari" used in play on each side (red and white) is between seven and twelve, the number being fixed according to the skill of the players. One "Agemari" is used on each side, and is to be thrown in after all the "Hiramari" are in. The side which throws in the "Agemari" first is declared to be the winning side.

II. Officers and players:—

One Umpire.	One Gong-man.
One Equerry.	One Drummer.
One Ball-man.	Two Score-keepers.

(*a*) The Umpire:—It is the duty of the umpire to order the players to get ready, and the equerry to saddle the horses thirty minutes before the time set for the opening of the game.

He is to oversee the match by stationing himself at one side of the goal. If the game is not

finished at the end of twenty minutes, he is to order the gong-man and drummer to give the signal to stop the play, and declare "no side."

(*b*) The Equerry :—It is the duty of the equerry (1) to furnish the players with horses according to their skill in horsemanship; (2) to saddle them by order of the umpire, arranging them in double rows in a place provided for them outside of the ground twenty minutes before the commencement of the game; and (3) to make the arrangements for the next game in due time, the players, mounted, waiting for the order to enter the ground.

(*c*) The Ball-man :—It is the duty of the ball-man to place the white balls on the ground at the right and the red at the left several feet back from the entrance to the ground. The number of the balls on the ground must be double the number of players, and when these are exhausted, being thrown or knocked out of bounds, the ball-man will replace them with new ones. When the required number of the "Hiramari" has been thrown into the goal, the ball-man throws the "Agemari" into play. If either of these balls be thrown or hit out of bounds, an extra ball may be thrown in by the ball-man, but in no case should two "Agemari" of the same colour be put in play. After every game the ball-man should gather up the balls scattered on the ground.

(*d*) The Signal-men (Gong-man and Drummer):—The gong is to be the signal for the white; and the drum for the red.

When the umpire announces the commencement of the game, the gong is to be struck first, and then the drum beaten. When striking gong and drumming continues successively, increasing in speed gradually to the end, it is the signal for the opening of the game.

The signal-men are stationed behind the goal, and carefully note the number of balls thrown into goal, and for every ball thrown in, they are to strike the gong for the white and beat the drum for the red, twice in succession.

When the umpire declares "no side," both the gong and the drum are to be sounded in rapid succession.

(*e*) Score-keepers:—It is the duty of these men to hang out the required number both of red and white balls before the players enter the ground, in order to inform the players of the number of balls in play; and for every ball thrown into goal, they are to draw up one of the scoring-balls out of sight, in order that the players may know how many balls are still left on the ground. The same is done with the "Agemari."

(*f*) Players:—The number of the players may be eight, ten, or twelve, divided into sides of equal number—the red and white, and each side is to wear uniforms and caps according to their respective colour.

III. Order of the game :—

(*a*) Preparation of the players :—Following the order of the umpire, each player, holding his stick, waits for the further order to enter the ground on horseback.

(*b*) Entering :—The umpire orders the players to enter when all is arranged. When the players are ordered to enter the ground in the order arranged in the list one white and one red alternately, the white leading. They march slowly in single file to the centre of the ground toward the goal, saluting the honoured guests as they pass the stand. At the railing in front of the goal, the white turning to the right and the red to the left, they gallop back to the entrance of the ground, and each player with a ball on his stick awaits the order to begin.

IV. Commencement :—

(*a*) The umpire orders the signal-men to give the signal at the proper time.

(*b*) When the signal is given, the players rush toward the goal at full speed and the match has begun.

(*c*) When each side has a ball in goal, the umpire orders each player to impede or hinder in any way the progress of an adversary. At this point the match becomes exciting, for each side tries to hinder the opposing side and prevent them from throwing balls in goal.

V. Termination :—

(*a*) When one side has thrown in all the "Hiramari"

and "Agemari" they are declared the winners, and the first match is ended. When an "Agemari" is put in play the contest becomes close, as the opposing side will put its entire force in defence.

(*b*) The duration of a game is usually twenty minutes.

When the game is not finished at the end of twenty minutes, the umpire announces a "drawn game," and the signal for the same is given as described above.

VI. Remarks :—

Each side usually chooses the best player for captain, and it will be his duty to instruct the team as to the method to be pursued, and also direct and encourage them during the game when it is necessary; for instance, he may appoint two men to guard the goal and to hinder the adversaries, and two others may be kept at a distance to send up the balls of their side nearer the goal, while the rest are engaged in throwing the balls in goal.

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